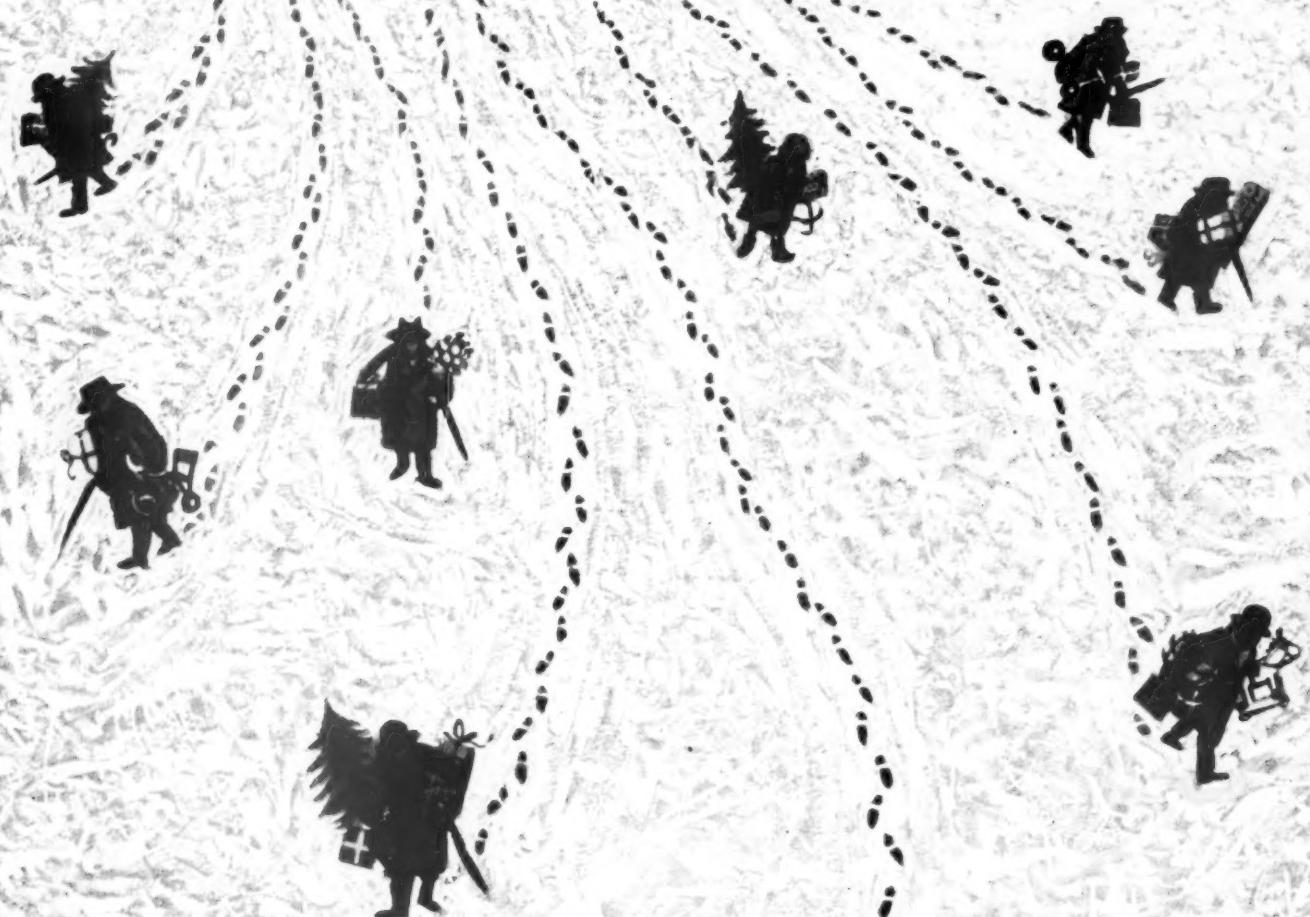


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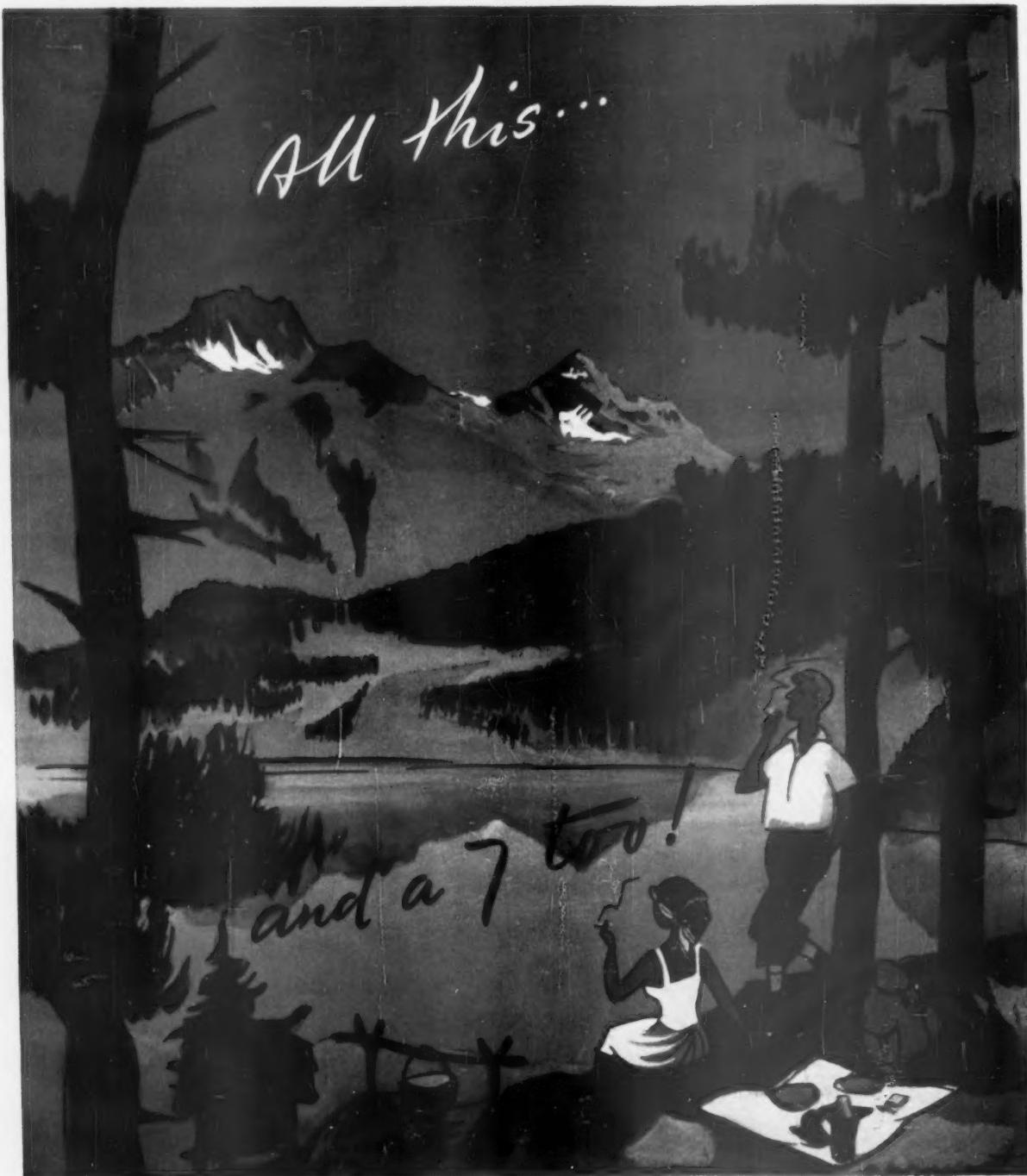
VOL. CCXXVI

PUNCH



ALMANACK for 1954 2/-

Norman Manbridge



Under a sky whose colour is a silvery variation on a theme of blue . . . High above the comfortable valley, but still as far as ever from the ancient, lonely peaks . . . Content for a moment with oneself, with one another and even with all the world . . . And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/-

— by ABDULLA

ABDULLA & COMPANY LIMITED • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON W1

The lightning fast and velvet smooth
HUMBER SUPER SNIPE



For Transcontinental performance

The car that smashed the London-Capetown record, the Humber Super Snipe speeds you across continents as casually as it takes you over to the club for a round of golf. Quite the most poised and comfortable of all the really fast cars. Ring your distributor or dealer for a trial run . . . into a New Era of Finer Motoring. Even at very high speeds the immensely powerful Humber Blue Riband o.h.v. Engine scarcely raises its voice above a whisper. *White wall tyres, optional extra.*

By Appointment to the
late King George VI



Motor Car Manufacturers
Humber Limited

A PRODUCT OF



THE ROOTES GROUP

Comfy Bedtime!

NO BOTTLES TO FILL



**THE GREAT
SAFETY FACTOR**
HIGH VOLTAGE
REDUCED TO 24 VOLTS

Send a post card today for full descriptive leaflet with prices and the name of your nearest Windak stockist.

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE

A 561

MOTOLUXE
The concert of COATS

For the smart woman who travels by car, air or train, a 'Motoluxe' coat provides comfort, warmth, and a delicious sense of well-being. There are 'Motoluxe' travelling rugs and foot muffs too, as well as a matching 'Motoluxe' hat and mitts, all in the finest quality exclusive fur fabrics. And don't forget the 'Motoluxe' coat for men!

Write for name of nearest stockist
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen Street Works
54 Regent St., London, N.W.1. 1848—Established over 100 years—1953



presents...
with a future!

There is no doubt about it being "suitable" If you give ANTLER Travel Goods—an elegant gift which reflects the good taste of the donor.



...this Christmas ask for—

ANTLER
TRAVEL GOODS

Ladies please note!
The ANTLER Companion Case (75/6 inc. Tax) has been designed especially for you—drop him a hint.

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 3

a great name...
Worth
a famous perfume...
JE REVIENS

JE REVIENS

'RE. S. 64

DANS LA NUIT · IMPRUDENCE · REQUÊTE
From the better stores, chemists and hairdressers

PARIS 120 Bd. ST HONORÉ

LONDON 61 GROSVENOR ST. W.I.

tailored with you in mind

let

KAYSER BONDOR

*fill your
Christmas stocking*

Guarantee All garments bearing the name Kayser Bondor are guaranteed. Should there be any cause for dissatisfaction in the material or manufacture, Kayser Bondor will replace the garment.

WHAT a wonderful Christmas it will be! What lovely, lovely presents they'll make! Far nicer things—for everyone—than you've ever given before. And all this if you fill your Christmas stockings with perfectly fitting, perfectly tailored lingerie and stockings by Kayser Bondor. After all, every woman is a Kayser Bondor collector at heart and no other gifts can be more luxurious, yet more practical . . . look so pretty, yet wash and wear so well . . . no other gifts can say "Happy Christmas" so beautifully, yet be so tactful about your own appreciation of quality and value.

For Mother: A really comfortable wool or wool mixture nightdress . . . because she does feel the cold so, but loves to look pretty, too. From 59/-.

For Your Sister-in-Law: A dream of a nightdress in drifting nylon, spellbound with frills and flounces . . . because she adores luxurious nighties; hates ironing them. From 49/-.

For Your Friend: A perfectly tailored slip, classically plain in satin or crepe, or lace trimmed in crepe, nylon jersey or tricot—cut with the impeccable fit and finish that says Kayser Bondor . . . because she's practical, but has an eye for beauty, too. From 13/-.

For Your Daughter: Easy-going, hard-wearing pyjamas in spun rayon, printed or plain . . . because Kayser Bondor design and finish are just right for the active young woman, who is careless about stress and strain, careful about smartness. From 25/-.

For Your Niece: The most perfectly fitting brassieres she ever wore and the prettiest hip-slips in cotton, taffeta or crepe—full and flounced, pencil slim or hooped . . . because she's young and gay; likes a trim fit and flowing lines. Brassieres from 4/- and hip-slips from 15/-.

For Everyone: Stockings, stockings, stockings . . . because there's a stocking for everyone's taste. Indispensable nylons, and stockings in silk mixture and lisle, too—all in 6 sizes, 8½" to 11" with 3 leg lengths to a size.



C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham, England

*Grace the occasion
with*

Chunle
Quality
TRADE MARK



M-W.S.



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES (Still depend on Your support)

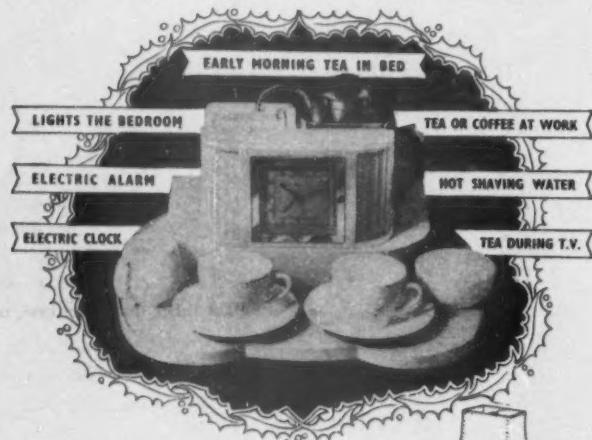
7,000 children in our care are hoping you will be their Father Christmas. Please remember them.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
of any amount will be warmly welcomed.

10/- would help to feed
our family.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes", should be sent to 4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.I.

A very acceptable Present



A HAPPY REMINDER OF THE GIVER
ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Goblin Teasmade automatically makes tea while you sleep or work. It boils the water, makes the tea, lights the room and calls you with freshly made tea at any pre-set time—and always it's a reliable electric clock.

De Luxe Model (as illus.) Price £12.16.6 plus P.T.
(excluding crockery) of any Electrical Dealer or Store.

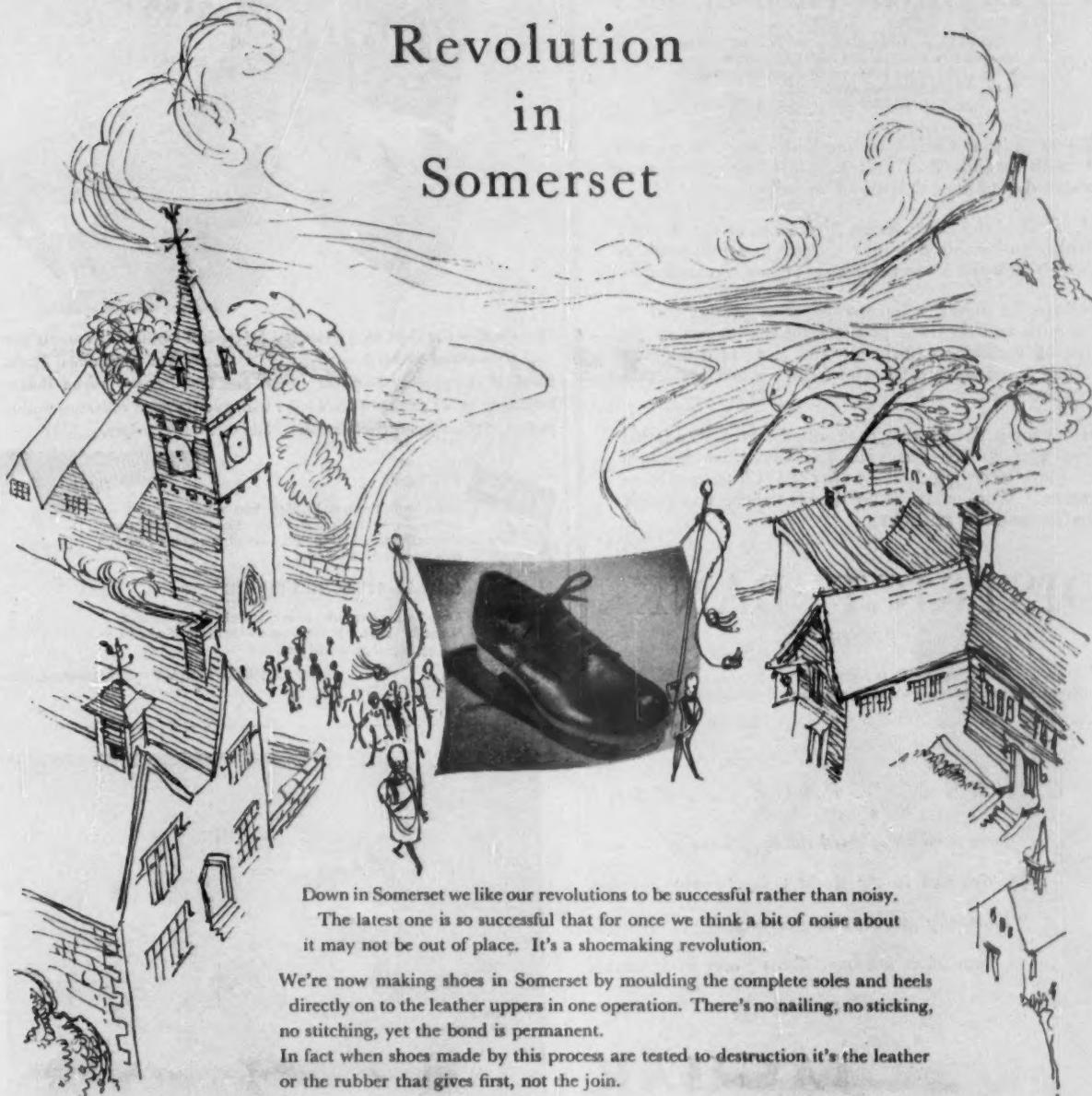


POPULAR MODEL
A modified design giving the same service as the De Luxe Model
Price £7.19.6
(Shade 96L) Plus P.T.

GOBLIN Teasmade

THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER & ENGINEERING CO. LTD.,
Dept. P.A., Goblin Works, Leatherhead, Surrey.

Revolution in Somerset



Down in Somerset we like our revolutions to be successful rather than noisy.

The latest one is so successful that for once we think a bit of noise about it may not be out of place. It's a shoemaking revolution.

We're now making shoes in Somerset by moulding the complete soles and heels directly on to the leather uppers in one operation. There's no nailing, no sticking, no stitching, yet the bond is permanent.

In fact when shoes made by this process are tested to destruction it's the leather or the rubber that gives first, not the join.

We're using the term 'Torflex' for all shoes made this way. Children's only, at present. Shoes made by this method are stronger, tougher, harder wearing and much more flexible.

As well as doing away with repair bills they actually cost less to buy.

Four years of pioneering effort have gone into 'Torflex'. We have started off in Somerset a revolutionary new process which will undoubtedly become a standard technique of good shoemaking in the future.

The revolutionaries? Just as you thought . . .

Clarks again

PEPPYS AND PASS-BOOKS

"25th December, 1667—Being a fine, light moonshine morning, home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas Day. . . ."

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

IT is only at Christmas-time that money is touched with magic. And here it is—being given away under the additional spell of moonlight.

How could the clerk on his high stool at the diarist's Bank translate all this into a debit in a pass-book as though it were some prosaic, everyday transaction?

Perhaps he didn't. Perhaps he chewed the end of his quill and dreamed of the light that shines in the eyes of a child on Christmas Eve and heard the echo of happy, conspiratorial whisperings when the stockings are filled. . . .

In our own day at this time of the year those that have eyes to see can read the Christmas story of goodwill and good cheer in the Clearing House returns. Who would have thought there was magic and romance in statistics?

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED



'Truvisca'—the shirt that's tailored by Luvisca Limited. It's amply cut in coat style—and so hard wearing: it's made from a Courtaulds' fabric, a blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tenacity rayon that's as handsome as it's strong. A tunic shirt with two 'Luvexe' collars—semi-stiff, perfect appearance, perfect comfort. Plain colours or stripes.

LUVISCA
NEW

LUVISCA
COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS

PYJAMAS

Old friends, these, and still the best pyjamas ever made—smooth, soft, roomy. Plenty of patterns to choose from, including plain colours. We needn't tell you how they wash and wear.



COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS

Long-lasting comfort, cut in coat style with semi-stiff 'Luvexe' collar. Choose from a wide range of colours—in a variety of patterned weaves.

LUVISCA Limited Old Vicarage Road, Exeter.

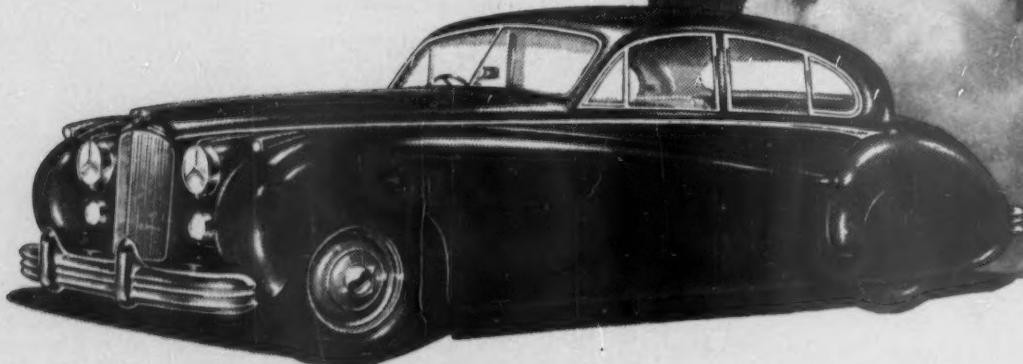
GRACE . . . SPACE . . . PACE

"Conveys an air of good living . . . one of the most impressive cars in the world today." THE AUTOCAR.

"Unusually generous accommodation for 5 people and their luggage. Great power with notable smoothness and silence." THE MOTOR.

JAGUAR

The finest car of its class in the world





**"I think I'd like a White Horse
better than anything"**



PIMM'S ALMANACK

What all the best stars* foretell for 1954

Throughout the year, Pimm's will be in conjunction with fizzy lemonade (with bubbles in the ascendant), indicating success for social engagements. There are indications that the Boat Race will be won by a well-known University, and that Pimm's will play a part in the subsequent celebration.

* Pimm's deserves umpteen stars in any good Guide to Enjoyment. Mix it with fizzy lemonade. Add ice and top with borage, (or cucumber peel) and sliced lemon.



PIMM'S No.1 THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

For special occasions



AN ORDINARY EVENT becomes a very special occasion when someone takes the trouble to provide—among other things—the extra quality cigarette. At Christmas time it is these little gestures which make a world of difference.

PLAYER'S N°3
The Quality Cigarette

also in boxes of 50

[sp 112]

After Shave Lotion by Lentheric with polished Pewter Tankard in presentation case.

57/6

Informal departure...

The stirrup-cup has long been the traditional prologue to the hunt. An unusual custom perhaps, but who would dare change it? Hence, then, for those who are looking for something unusual is the "Stirrup Cup" by Lentheric. A handsome polished Pewter Tankard that will give pleasure long after the festive season is past. In it is set the superb Lentheric After Shave Lotion to give a man face comfort and calm assurance the whole day through.



Quiet, perfect grooming by



Other suitable gifts—in the Lentheric range for men: 'Overnighter' (After Shave Lotion, Brilliantine and Men's Cologne) 18/9. 'Huntsmen' Set (After Shave Lotion, Brilliantine and Shaving Bowl) 16/9 and the old favourite 'Three Musketeers' 22/6.

Lentheric

PARIS • 17 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1 • NEW YORK

HOW MANY SCHWEPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS?



SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



*'I'm glad I bought you a
VANTELLA shirt'*

To match every Vantella shirt are two ever smart, ever comfortable

VAN HEUSEN collars, unshrinkable like the VAN HEUSEN neckband, long lasting
like the VAN HEUSEN cuffs. Tailored in - at style. *Reduced price 46/-*

Pattern card available from : COTELLA, OXFORD STREET, WI

OVALTINE

*The World's Best
Nightcap*



A CUP of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime helps to relax nervous tensions and promote the conditions favourable to natural, refreshing sleep. Made from Nature's best foods, its valuable nutritive properties, including additional vitamins, assist in providing the nourishment to restore the tired body and rebuild strength and vitality.

For these reasons delicious 'Ovaltine' has long been the regular bedtime beverage in countless homes throughout the world. There is nothing like it.

No other beverage can give you better sleep.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 & 4/6.

P.909A



A REGAL PLEASURE



CAMEO CHOCOLATES REGAL FRUIT DROPS

MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY SINCE 1834

£4,315

FOR YOU AT AGE 55

If you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women the benefits are slightly different). You make agreed regular monthly, half-yearly, or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55, you will receive £4,315 plus accumulated dividends—or £264 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

£3,300 FOR YOUR FAMILY.—Should you not live to age 55, your family would receive £3,300 even if you had lived to make only one payment under the plan.

INCOME TAX SAVED.—Income tax payers are entitled to the appropriate relief from tax on all premiums paid under this plan.

By filling up and sending the enquiry form (postage 1½d. if unsealed) you can obtain details suited to your personal requirements. Or letter will do. The plan can be modified to fit savings large or small, and the proportionate cash or pension is in most cases available at 50, 55, 60 or 65. It also applies to sons and daughters who would greatly benefit by starting now.

To M. Macaulay

(General Manager for Great Britain and Ireland)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY of CANADA
22, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

I should like to know more about your Plan as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

(N) Punch 2.11.53.

Wherever you travel—
start with
something extra
2 YEARS
INSURED LIFE

Ask for full details of this unique
Battery Renewal Scheme from
your local garage or write for list
of Agents and battery literature.
(Applicable to home
market
only).



Childs Wickham, in the Vale
of Evesham, Worcestershire.

with all

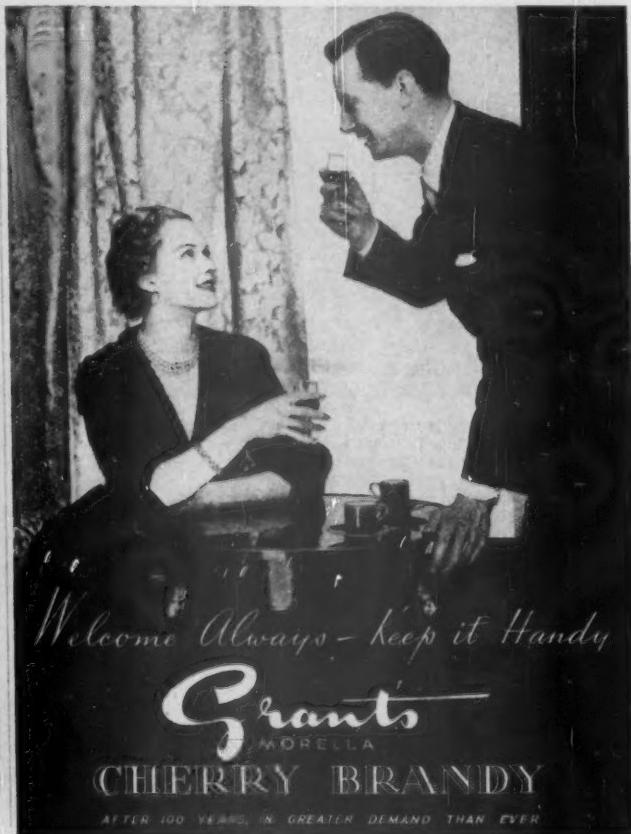
LUCAS

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM · ENGLAND

"King of the Road"
CAR BATTERIES



From Maenson Agents everywhere







Make this a *Superspeed* Christmas

What a handsome present! A Gillette Superspeed Razor Set to start him off with the world's swiftest, smoothest shave every morning for years ahead.

Quick-action Gillette razor with quick-feed Blue Gillette Dispenser — that's Superspeed Shaving. Twist — the razor's open, click — a new blade in a flash from the quick-feed Dispenser, twist — the razor's closed ready for a fast, smooth shave. And to end the old blade nuisance, the Gillette Dispenser has a built-in container for used blades.



66 SET

De-luxe set in lizard grained leatherette with plated rims, containing Aristocrat one-piece razor, and 10 Blue Gillette Blades in Dispenser with used blade container..... 31/-

Other Gillette Superspeed Sets from 6/6d.

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Another Welcome Gift!

Four 10-blade Blue Gillette Dispensers in a gaily coloured gift pack. Each Dispenser contains a handy compartment for used blades..... 11/4d.

Gillette Shaving Cream

The new perfect Shaving Cream, containing K.34 an amazingly effective antiseptic. Brushless and Lather. Standard size 2/3d. Giant size 3/6d.



Overcoats

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats for all occasions in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477
AND BRANCHES

Gillette
Superspeed Shaving

QUICK-ACTION RAZOR WITH QUICK-FEED BLUE GILLETTE DISPENSER



Jack BARCLAY

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BERKELEY SQUARE
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The Largest Official Retailers exclusively for ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY



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by itself, or with
a sliver of lemon —

LILLET



The full-strength
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Sole Importers :
Twiss & Brownings of Holloway Ltd.,
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Unruffled... Hair groomed with Silvikrin Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvikrin Hair Cream really controls your hair without gumming or greasiness . . . and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual.* 4/- a jar from chemists and hairdressers everywhere.

* Silvikrin Hair Cream contains Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food, to give your hair the life and lustre that come from perfect health.



Punch, November 2 1953

Y's men wear

Britain's first and finest
masculine support underwear

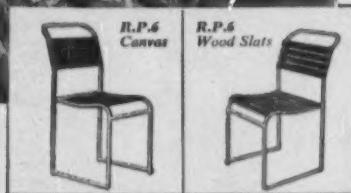
From most good men's shops and stores.



Made in Britain by Lyle and Scott Ltd., of Hawick, Scotland, & Ideal House, Argyll St., London W.1



PEL NESTING CHAIRS are ideal for all halls and institutes. Won't damage floors, silent in use. Easy to clean, simple to stack, light to move about. Frames are rustproof, stay smart for ages, replacement parts always available. Write for leaflet illustrating full range.



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PEL
NESTING CHAIRS

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PATRON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

CANCER RESEARCH

the answer may
be
HERE

- WITH YOUR HELP

THE great struggle against this disease never ceases. As you read these words, someone, somewhere is working, testing, experimenting . . . Vital research now being done depends on the funds of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. Will you help? Your gift or legacy cannot do a nobler work for humanity.

Please send your gift direct to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Charles Lidbury,

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN
(DEPT. P) 11, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1.

SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Winter

is so much the best of the seasons.

Is there any heaven so satisfying as a deep (and far from contemporary) armchair before a grandly wasteful fire with Sobranie at your elbow? In pipe or cigarette, Sobranie is the best of excuses for keeping yourself to yourself. Through its smoke-rings, Television will already be three-dimensional and radio far more acceptable than the real thing. In its aroma domesticity is bliss indeed, and in its deep satisfaction even the weather becomes a blessing — it keeps you happily and very much at home. If smoking has no close season at least it has its favourite moments — and for the Sobranie smoker most of them are in winter time . . .

BALKAN SOBRANIE TURKISH
for connoisseurs who know
that Yenidje leaf is the
only possible choice
for discerning palates.
8/- for 25



SUBRANIE VIRGINIA NO. 40
add the hereditary
genius of Sobranie to
a choice of the golden
leaf of old Virginia.
5/8 for 25



SUBRANIE BLACK RUSSIAN
were first made to
delight a Russian Grand
Duke, exotic Turkish leaf
in black paper gold tipped.
7/8 for 25



SUBRANIE STRAIGHT CUT
a pleasure you can
repeat without becoming
its slave, and the price
is good news for all
Virginia lovers. 4/- for 20



COCKTAIL SOBRANIE make
all occasions special
occasions—Virginia leaf
in a choice of five
coloured papers, gold
tipped. 5/8 for 20



BALKAN SOBRANIE Smoking
Mixture adds a touch of
Turkish, Virginia No. 10
a touch of cigar leaf
to rich Virginian—both
are touches of genius.
5/8 per ounce

IF YOU RESIDE ABROAD and have difficulty in obtaining Sobranie Cigarettes
or Pipe Tobaccos, please write for duty free prices or name of agent.
The new Sobranie Illustrated catalogue is yours for the asking post free.

SOBRANIE LIMITED 136 CITY ROAD LONDON EC1



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IT'S ODD how quickly we can tire of some special pleasure — while the simple good things stay as fresh and as appetizing as ever . . . year in, year out.

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GIVES YOU THE HEART OF THE WHEAT

*You'll
be glad
you gave*

SMITHS
DE LUXE
WATCHES

GLAD because they are so wonderfully accurate and dependable and are unconditionally guaranteed for twelve months.
GLAD because your Jeweller was able to help you make a really appropriate choice from a wide and beautiful range.

**On top
of the world!**

The watch which Sir Edmund Hillary carried to the top of Everest!

Everest Model A.409.
15 jewels. 28 mm.
dial. Luminous spots.
£10.0.0.

FOR HER. B.211.
15 jewel ladies
watch in chrome
and stainless steel
case. Arabic and
baton figures, all-
silvered dial. £8.12.6.

Other models
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£7. 10. 0.

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., LONDON, N.W.2.
The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.



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MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
CEREBOS LIMITED



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Cerebos

THE SALT OF HOSPITALITY

in any home



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*When the South Sea Bubble burst in 1720
Lots of investors lost plenty.
But not those who knew the golden rule:
It's wisest to invest in Wool.*

There is no substitute for Wool



Tueb, November 2 1951



No one ever says 'No' to
Mackintosh's
- or mistletoe!

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD • HALIFAX

When you let the walls go hang . . .

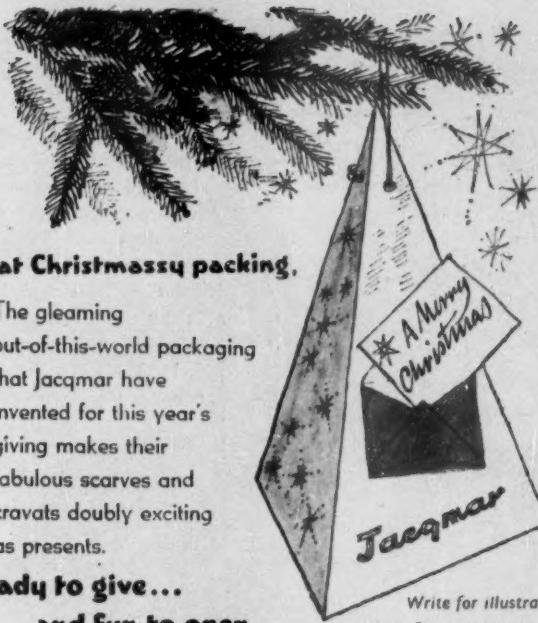
If you are tired of plain walls and long to hang paper, you're a post-war thinker. If you vote for Regency stripes and stars you're up-to-the-minute—but no further. If you carry an open mind to Sanderson of Berners Street you may be the sort of person who can anticipate a fashion. We bow.

Now what of your furniture? . . . for the paper you choose must pay tribute to that. This tiny olive green stripe, for instance . . .

And which of our fabrics? . . . But then *you* need no telling. You only need to be shown. Tabourets and taffetas, brocatelles and brocades, Milanese and Viennese, lucid Scandinavian prints and coarse Scottish weaves which curiously echo them . . . You could travel the world and find no such rarities. Moreover . . .

You choose FABRICS and WALLPAPERS together at

SANDERSON OF BERNERS STREET



That Christmassy packing.

The gleaming out-of-this-world packaging that Jacqmar have invented for this year's giving makes their fabulous scarves and cravats doubly exciting as presents.

**Ready to give...
and fun to open**

Write for illustrations
of newest scarves.

Jacqmar
SCARVES & CRAVATS
16 GROSVENOR STREET W.I.
Tel: Mayfair 6111



*Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by
Horrockses*
the Greatest Name in Cotton



TERRY
Anglepoise
Regd.
LAMP



Anglepoise, the singular lamp of multiple uses, makes everything so easy. Its pleasant concentrated beam lures you, positively lures you, to get on with that writing, those long-deferred letters, your knitting, or even to drop everything for that new book from the library. Once you've used it you wonder how you ever managed without it! At a gentle finger touch it takes any position you need, without sagging or drooping, and its 25 or 40 watt bulb saves a lot of electricity. At all good stores or electricians or send for booklet to Dept. 26.

Black or Cream £6.14.8.
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*Now many are the customers
Whom we supply with plastics,
From Picts and Scots and Men of Kent
to Eskimos and Aztecs.*

*The G.P.O. and M.O.S.
Our list of names embraces
While VAUXHALL, FORD and REGENTONE
Have put us through our paces.*

*MURPHY too, and FRIGIDAIRE
And others we can't rhyme,
All know that Ekco-moulded parts
Will stand the test of time.*

*These are all we've room to mention
In the space that we're allowed—
But quite enough to prove
That EKCO do you proud.*

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EKCO

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sponsored by the world famous
ROOTES GROUP
with service throughout the world

BRITAIN'S FINEST CARS

CHAUFFEUR DRIVE OR SELF DRIVE

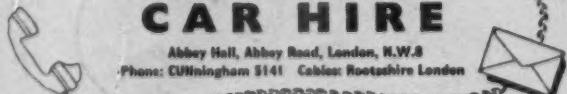
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Classical shape. An old favourite and still very popular.



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The latest spread collar style, with more tie space.



STYLE 90
Similar to Style 11 but with longer points and wider setting.

There is no other collar like a Van Heusen.* Designed for men who appreciate comfort, lasting smartness and economy, Van Heusen semi-stiff collars are now available in five distinctive shapes in white—Style numbers 1, 11, 52, 77 and 99. All reduced from 3/6 to 3/- each.

* Woven in one piece, no seams.

* Pre-shrunk multi-ply fabric lasts longer.

* Always remains semi-stiff.

* Contour woven to fit the neck.

* Woven-in fold line gives perfect setting.

* Made from 100% Egyptian cotton.

now 3/- each

Van Heusen

semi-stiff COLLARS

"The Best of the Bunch"

MACKENZIE'S

For over one hundred years Mackenzie's have been shipping the finest Sherry and Port.

"Fino Perla" Sherry, an ideal aperitif, delights the eye with its glorious golden hue and charms the palate with its subtle, pleasing flavour.

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For occasions when the merely good
must yield place to the unquestionable
best, **BENSON and HEDGES** provide
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BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

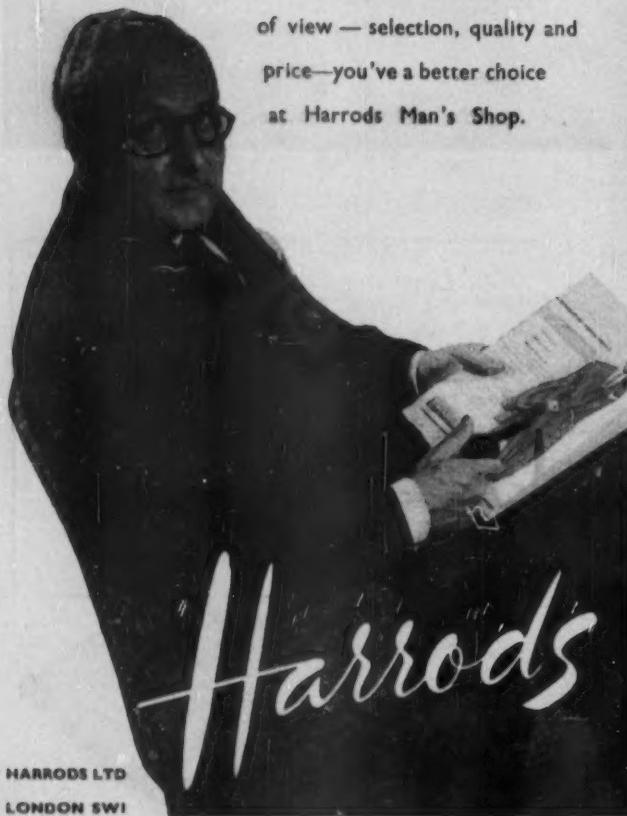
When only the best will do

BENSON & HEDGES LTD · OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W1



- but I'm not a man in an advertisement'

Few men have the ideal proportions of the man in an advertisement: some are shorter and broader, some thinner and taller than others. That's why Harrods carry such amazingly comprehensive size ranges . . . to ensure a good fit for every man, no matter what his proportions. For instance, you can choose a suit from a range of 189 fittings . . . in styles, colours and materials right for every occasion; and shirts up to 19in. collar with 3 sleeve lengths to each size . . . in a host of patterns and shades. Yes, from every point of view — selection, quality and price — you've a better choice at Harrods Man's Shop.

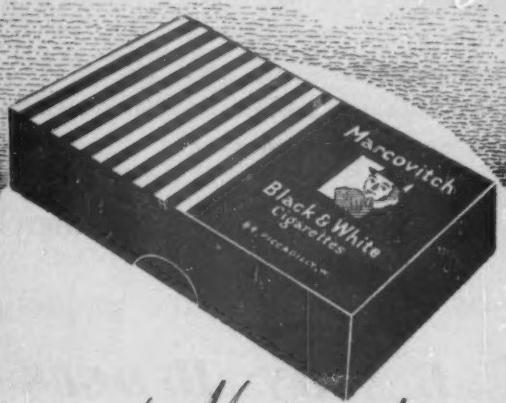


HARRODS LTD
LONDON SW1



BY ROYAL COMMAND

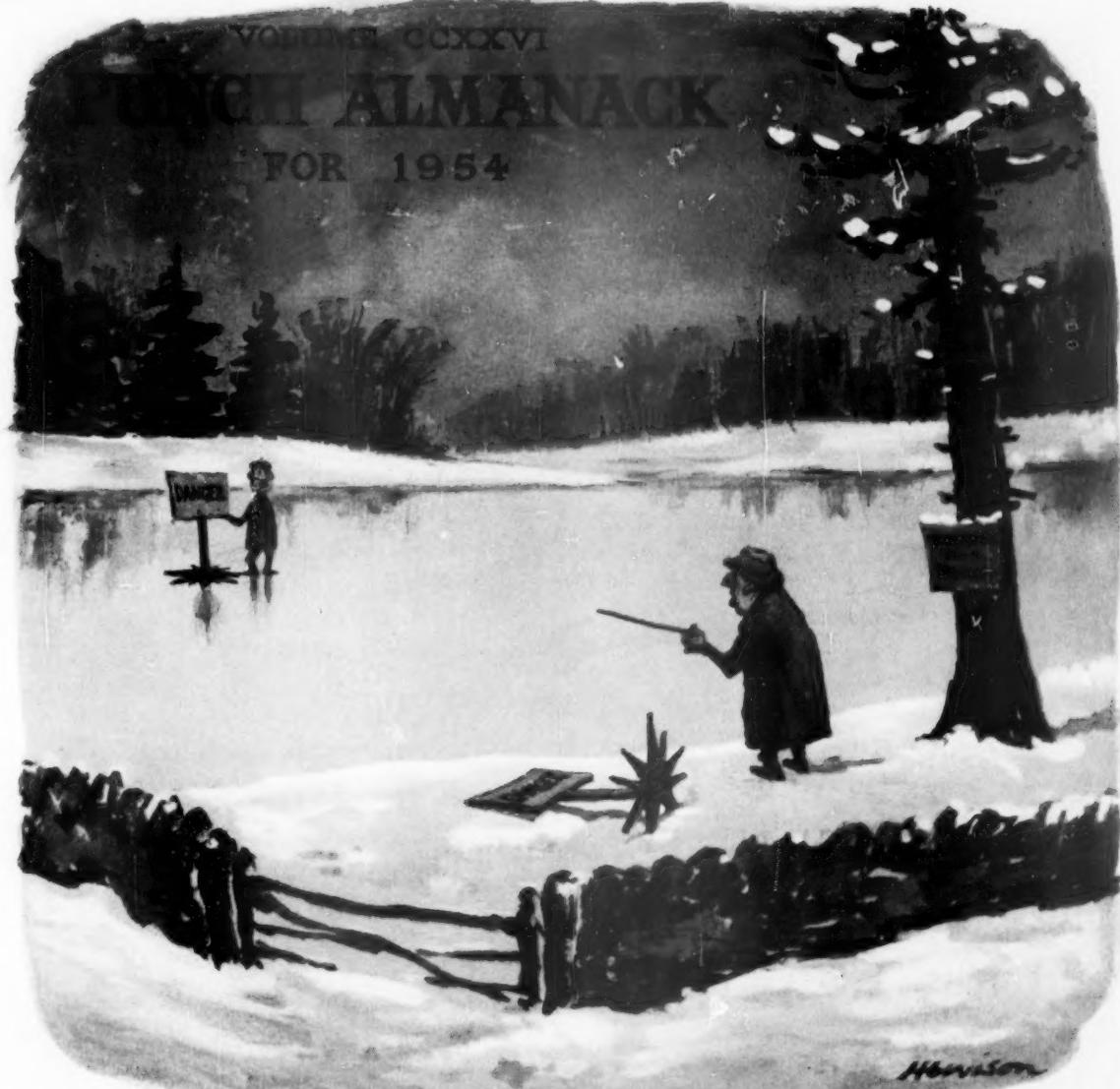
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BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/-

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SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD



Harrison

"A bit more to the left!"

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	
S . . . 3 , 10 , 17 , 24 , 31 S . . . 7 , 14 , 21 , 28 S . . . 7 , 14 , 21 , 28 S . . . 4 , 11 , 18 , 25 S . . . 2 , 9 , 16 , 23 , 30 S . . . 6 , 13 , 20 , 27	M . . . 4 , 11 , 18 , 25 . . . M . . . 1 , 8 , 15 , 22 . . . M . . . 1 , 8 , 15 , 22 , 29 M . . . 5 , 12 , 19 , 26 M . . . 3 , 10 , 17 , 24 , 31 M . . . 7 , 14 , 21 , 28	TU . . . 5 , 12 , 19 , 26 . . . TU . . . 2 , 9 , 16 , 23 . . . TU . . . 2 , 9 , 16 , 23 , 30 TU . . . 6 , 13 , 20 , 27 TU . . . 4 , 11 , 18 , 25 . . . TU . . . 1 , 8 , 15 , 22 , 29	W . . . 6 , 13 , 20 , 27 . . . W . . . 3 , 10 , 17 , 24 . . . W . . . 3 , 10 , 17 , 24 , 31 W . . . 7 , 14 , 21 , 28 W . . . 5 , 12 , 19 , 26 . . . W . . . 2 , 9 , 16 , 23 , 30	TH . . . 7 , 14 , 21 , 28 . . . TH . . . 4 , 11 , 18 , 25 . . . TH . . . 4 , 11 , 18 , 25 . . . TH . . . 1 , 8 , 15 , 22 , 29 TH . . . 6 , 13 , 20 , 27 . . . TH . . . 3 , 10 , 17 , 24 . . .	F . . . 8 , 15 , 22 , 29 . . . F . . . 5 , 12 , 19 , 26 . . . F . . . 5 , 12 , 19 , 26 . . . F . . . 2 , 9 , 16 , 23 , 30 F . . . 7 , 14 , 21 , 28 . . . F . . . 4 , 11 , 18 , 25 . . .	S . . . 2 , 9 , 16 , 23 , 30 . . . S . . . 6 , 13 , 20 , 27 . . . S . . . 6 , 13 , 20 , 27 . . . S . . . 3 , 10 , 17 , 24 . . . S . . . 1 , 8 , 15 , 22 , 29 . . . S . . . 5 , 12 , 19 , 26 . . .
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"She does so enjoy having visitors."



On the Extreme and Regrettable Brevity of Winter

WINTER is where the spring and autumn meet;
A brief, brief season, fortunate yet fleet,
Exiguous, yet sublime.

Autumn is long, and spring is longer still,
But winter is a tiny little time,
The time when stars are bright above the hill,
And evenings are astonishingly chill,
And pipes go pop, and swells the plumber's bill;
When hedges are immaculate with rime,
And the enchanted bells of Christmas chime.

Consider autumn. This is when the leaves
Turn brown and tumble, and the shivering beeves
Wisely and gravely wend
Their way from pasture to the hay-warm stall;
When thundering dows deplore the Current Trend,
And writhing fogs upwreathe, and pheasants fall.
Stout autumn hastens not; he loves to crawl,
Showering his benefits on one and all,
And only halts, and, grinning, greets his end,
When the New Year comes breezing round the bend.

By then the spring is lurking in the wings,
With violets, mud and other pretty things.

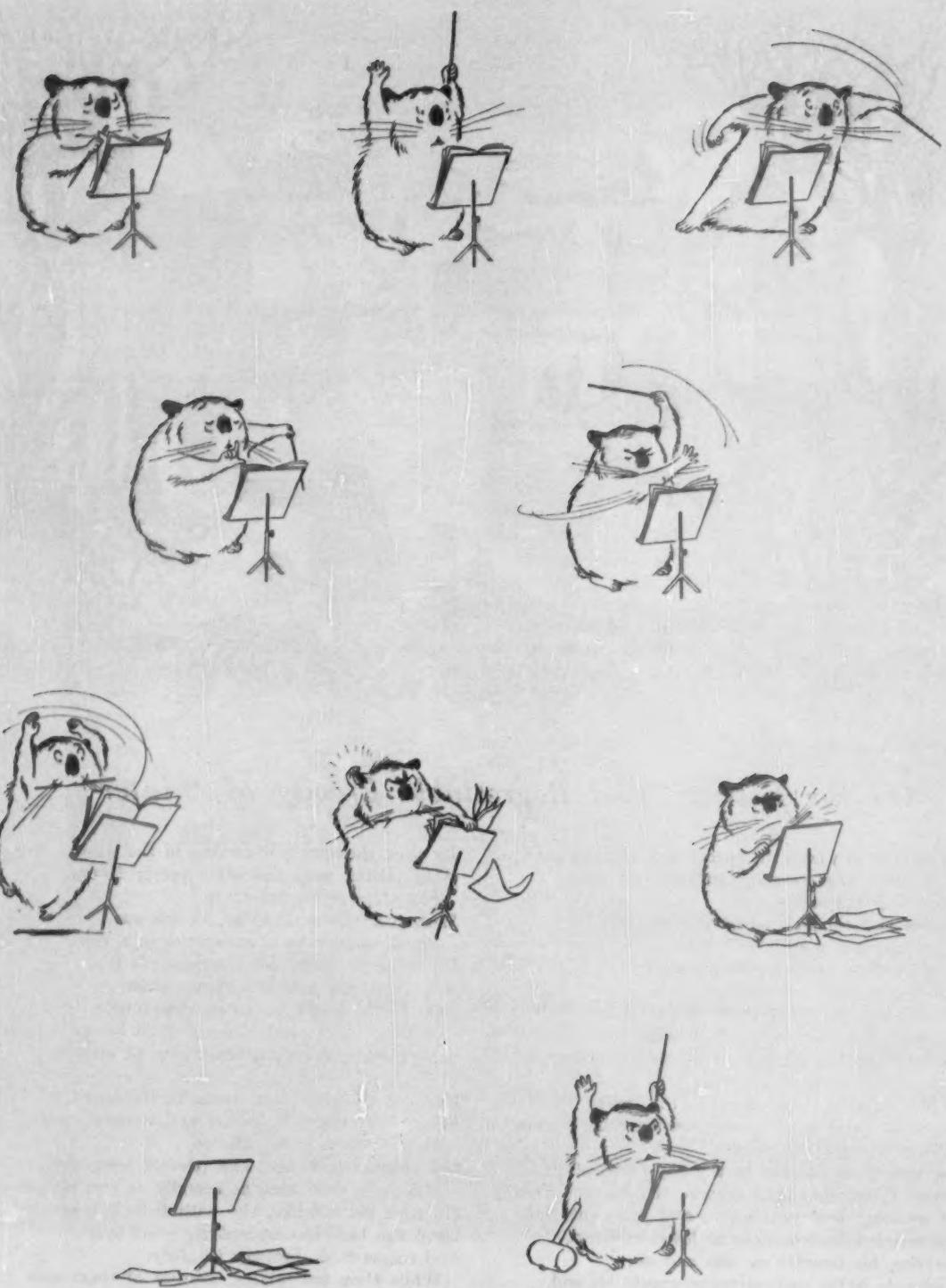
She steps upon the stage
Whenever winter fumbles for his cue.
Small wonder he is sometimes in a rage;
His reign is noble, but his days are few,
And every one brings evidence anew
That spring (her eyes, as ever, wet with dew)
Has somehow set her mark upon his page,
Blunting with youth the rigour of his age.

Here, at this draughty corner of the street,
For a brief moment, spring and autumn meet.

Here, with a jovial wheeze,
Old autumn hails her; and (though very shy)
She chats with him, as friendly as you please—
He with his cod-like, she with fawn-like eye—
Until she bids the ancient rip good-bye,
And reigns from January till July.

While they are talking, neither of them sees
Little King Winter, lost between their knees.

R. P. LISTER



GIOVANNETTI

Space-Crime Continuum

BY H. F. ELLIS

"He was killed," grunted Dr. Polycarp, wearily stuffing his geiger-counter into his bag, "by epsilon rays, or some similar agency, fired from behind at a distance of not more than two light years. Tell you more when we've had him disintegrated."

"Hmph!" snapped Philip Strong.

I QUOTE this brief passage from my forthcoming interplanetary crime novel, *The Space Case*, to indicate the kind of difficulty that faces an author who tries to have the best of both worlds by combining detection and space-travel in one book. Alibis are the very devil. With the public demanding ever more up-to-date and powerful weapons—the old short-range uranium pistol cuts no ice nowadays—it is useless for the chief suspect to produce the stub of a cinema ticket as proof that he was on another planet at the material time. What of it? says the reader; the man could have bombarded his victim with beta-particles at twice the distance, without even bothering to leave his seat. And so he could. That's what Philip Strong had in mind when he went on to say "So, on the evidence thus far, we can't exclude ANYONE who has been within twelve billion miles of this place during the last two years!" *

I'm solving this alibi problem, as a matter of fact, by the later discovery of indentations made by a meat chopper on the back of the victim's head (they were put there deliberately, after death of course, by the murderer, in order to throw suspicion on an old-fashioned and rather earthbound Egyptologist); but the device is a little thin, and involves some tricky space-time adjustments as the plot unfolds. Nor is this the only, nor even the most difficult hurdle that has to be surmounted. The whole science of interplanetary detection, as Strong often says, is in its infancy.

There is also the difficulty of ascertaining whether death has, in fact, taken place. The body of Sir George Trevose, the astro-physicist, is discovered slumped sideways in a Venusian deck-chair, with the uncompleted equation " $\log (-x) + (\cos v^2)^{2^n} = R d \theta^2 \dots$ " scrawled in the meteoric dust at its feet. So far all is plain sailing. But what is Strong going to do to make sure that life is extinct? Rip open the front of Sir George's space-suit—and kill him for certain by letting in the carbon dioxide for which the atmosphere of Venus is notorious? The point, however, is elementary and need not detain us.

In the matter of suspects I strongly advise newcomers to this field of fiction to retain at least some of the traditional figures of Earthly crime. With the whole Universe to pick from there is a temptation, as I well know, to look for the murderer among such characters as Krool, renegade son of the Hepat of Mars, Tchah his radio-active butler, Coreopsis, Queen of Madusia, and the sinister Obal Trug, self-styled Gookwar of Bom.

* Strong spoke loosely. See, in due course, my *Murder on Alpha Centauri*, where the whole case turns on an error in the speed of light made by a blundering local inspector.

The temptation ought to be resisted. Readers lose their grip, if all the suspects are eighteen feet tall and have antennae growing out of their heads, and tend eventually not to care which of them did it. Also it is difficult, without a certain artificiality, to assemble the whole lot in the detective's room in Albany, W.1, for the final show-down.

It is better, I think, to adopt some sort of compromise between the old and the new:—

THE SPACE CASE—A Philip Strong Story *Synopsis of Opening Chapters*

The Author, uncertain whether there is more money in interplanetary or detective fiction, has decided to combine the two and accordingly attaches himself, in the guise of TONY BLACK, a typical first-person stooge, to the house party of LADY TREVOSE, wife of SIR GEORGE



"It's only me."

TREVOSE, the notorious millionaire astro-physicist and owner of the space-ship *Hermione*. Included in the house party at the Trevoise's gloomy Shropshire seat are:

HUGH TREVOSE, Sir George's spendthrift son, threatened by his father with summary disinheritance if he does not immediately renounce his engagement to

SEMOLINA, an unspoilt Venusian priestess, who is being blackmailed by a syndicate of former admirers and has to raise 10,000 *krim*, or the equivalent in terrestrial money, by Monday;

SIMON WARWICK, confidential secretary to Sir George and an ex-Olympic javelin-thrower, now under notice for stealing his employer's marijuana cigarettes;

PROFESSOR EIGO, a left-wing selenographer, whose plan to repopulate the Moon is being secretly encouraged by Lady Trevoise. He is a gifted mimic, but his frequent threats against Sir George's life should not be taken too seriously according to

OOMPHI, the half-crazed robot who acts as valet to the Professor and is subject to fits of homicidal rage if a rare South American lubricant, unknown to Western mechanical engineering, is poured into his gearbox.

When, late on Friday night, this likely lot is joined by PHILIP STRONG, a detective so well-bred as to be practically indistinguishable from a racehorse, the Author's sole remaining anxiety is lest the murder of his host should take place before he has had time to manœuvre the whole party into surroundings less hackneyed than a Shropshire library. To obviate this risk he (or rather Tony Black) suggests that a midnight trip in the *Hermione* would be fun. "Venus is nice at this time of the year," yawns Strong, and Lady Trevoise, who has been stabbing absent-mindedly with a stiletto at a photograph of a Martian princess she has just found in her husband's desk, enthusiastically agrees. Nobody notices Semolina's preoccupied look . . .

It will be seen that I have kept all these suspects, and their motives, well within the bounds of the average reader's credulity; and it is upon *their* movements, upon the discovery of blow-pipes, cosmic ray projectors, etc., in *their* luggage, that the main interest of the story centres. Subsidiary characters—Venusians, the Scorpion-men from outer space, a comic Thwapa (or police-sergeant) who falls in love with Lady Trevoise—are used purely to give local colour and relieve the tension. Their irruptions are not permitted to interfere with the development of

the central theme, the solution of Philip Strong's problem:

Strong bent down and, carefully manipulating his hydraulically-operated aluminium gloves, removed some object invisible to me from the back of the deck-chair. His eyes, behind the thick perspex of his helmet, had a withdrawn look.

Three sharp pips in my right ear warned me that Simon Warwick was speaking on the intercom. "Quick!" he said. "To your right. WHAT ARE THEY! Over."

His voice was urgent, and turning in the direction he indicated I saw some two hundred dwarfish green creatures with hideously elongated glass heads advancing over the rim of a nearby crater.

"My God!" I cried hoarsely. "Roger out."

They were closer now, coming towards us at a curious loping run, and the utter silence of their approach combined with the tritium-bombs that gleamed dully at their waists in the thin Venusian sunlight lent them an oddly menacing air. "Calling Strong," I breathed into my mouthpiece, and I confess that it was all I could do to keep my voice steady. "Have you seen them? Over."

Never have I admired the man more. With barely a glance at the intruders he continued his patient sifting of meteoric dust through a borrowed hair-net. "Ask them what they want," was all he vouchsafed.

I took a pace forward and, putting on as bold a front as I could command, asked the Green Men by signs what we could do for them. Instantly they halted their ranks, and one who seemed by his dress and bearing to be their leader signed back as follows:

"Hear the word of Toom, Locum of Phut! We come in peace. Only render up unto us one amongst you, that the portion of Minrah, Ruler of the Skies, may be accomplished. Else, all must perish."

When I had passed the grim message on to Philip Strong he made no comment, save to inquire idly why the sign-language employed by these people was so quaintly archaic.

"I don't know," I told him, a little impatiently. "It is customary on many planets. The point is, what are we to do? Give them Hugh Trevoise?"

"On no account," he said sharply, screwing a high-power magnifying-glass on to the front of his helmet. "I have yet to ask that young man what he was doing between the hours of eight and nine, mean stellar time, this morning. Let them have Semolina."

"Semolina!" I gasped.

"Certainly. She is clearly innocent. She had nothing whatever to do with the murder of this unfortunate knight."

"But, Philip," I cried, with a gesture of my enormous gauntlets. . . .

The point will by this time be clear. Singleness of purpose, a steady, ruthless determination on the part of the detective to keep to the matter in hand, must be the guiding star for all who set their hands to the difficult task of interplanetary crime fiction. Had Philip Strong allowed one of his principal suspects to be handed over . . . But I have said too much already. One does not want to give the whole thing away before publication.





"If business doesn't buck up soon we shall have to look for larger premises."



OF all the race of Sculptors who aspire
To win their Fame by bending bits of Wire,
None was more keen than Raymond Fish; nor less,
It might be said, encouraged by Success.

One work of his, called *Spirit of the Age*,
Got used in Error for a Parrot Cage;
A smaller work, *O Whither Man Thy Soul?*
Was keeping roses Upright in a Bowl.
But, for the Artist, darkness Heralds Day,
And Mr. Fish, undaunted, Bent away.
Wire was his world; he asked no other thing
Of life, save pincers, pliers, and some String.
Meals, bed, a Steaming bath he did not seek;
He got them all for Four pounds Ten a week.

The Joneses, whom he lodged with, often spoke
To friends most kindly of their Sculptor Bloke.
Beard or no beard, as quiet as a mouse
And very useful too about the house;
Not washing-up, but jobs that called for Art;
Fixing that chair each time it fell apart—
“Why, Mum,” cried Lotta, “don’t you think that he
Could help us decorate the Christmas Tree?
We always make them look the same; what fun
To have this year a really Different one
Done by a Genius!” Here she turned quite Pink
And nearly dropped the teapot in the Sink.
Poor simple Girl, such passion to bestow
On Mr. Fish, who didn’t care, or know!

Their supper over, round the fire they sat,
The Joneses, and their lodger, and the cat.
“My plan,” the Visionary said, “may best
By Sketching it on Paper be expressed.
We will be Bold, break free from Prejudice,
And make the Tree itself in Wire; like this.
A Shape will rise whose every Jag or Curve
As Comment on these Troubled times will serve!
See in what purest Form I shall combine
Power, and a marked Economy of Line——”
“Let’s look,” said Mr. Jones. “Well, that’s a tree,
And I’m Prime Minister of Araby.”

“Let me,” said Mrs. Jones. “Oh. Mr. Fish,
May we hang things upon it, if we wish?”
“Well, I declare,” cried Lotta, really vexed;
“Hang Things on Sculpture, Mum; whatever next?
And Dad, it’s nearly nineteen-fifty-four;
Art doesn’t have to Be things, any more!”

Next day, a Saturday, saw Lotta through
Her office work and rushing home by Two.
She turned the key. She stood a moment dumb;
Then wailed “You’ve bought a Proper tree. Oh,
Mum!”

“No, dear, you see we’d ordered it, it came.
I guessed that you’d be angry all the same.
Look what a Lovely tree, though! Eight feet high!
No roots, of course!” (Her Mother heaved a sigh.)
“And what a job to fix it in the box!
But there, it’s firm. The earth is old brown socks.

I told the boys I'd get some frosty stuff;
Then, round outside, a pretty paper ruff—
"But Mr. Fish! He must have had a Fit,"
Squealed Lotta; "Mum, what did he say to it?"

No word, as yet; the Man of Wire had been
All morning in his Ivory Tower, unseen,
Wrapped in his Work. A notice Decked his door,
Busy. Leave Meals etc. on the Floor.
And Lotta parked the tea-tray, clasped her hands
And whispered "Oh, I hope he Understands!"
Oh, Mr. Fish, will you be Cross if we
Just hang a few small Oddments on a Tree?"

Back to the hall she sped. O happy Scene,
O every Christmas that had ever been!
The packing-case, the Shredded Cellophane;
Mum sorting out the Tinsel String again;
The golden Birds, the Toys, the silver Star,
Bob shouting "Jim, I've found the racing car!"
Dad hanging up a red glass ball; and then
The crash, and Mum: "That leaves us only ten";
And then the plastic bells; the way they slid,
And bounced, and Disappeared; they always did.
And then the Climax; turning on the Lights—
Counting them first, five reds and seven whites—
And then, O Beauty glittering on the air!
And Mr. Fish! They hadn't seen him there!

Poor Lotta paled. (Nay, truly, not a Jones
But felt a kind of Weakening of the bones.)
What could she say to Mitigate that Frown?
They didn't mean it, they would take it Down?

Then, as his Face loomed nearer, Lotta knew!
That was no Frown, just how his eyebrows Grew!
Indeed, he Smiled! He smiled quite Pleasantly,
And nodded! "*That is what I Call a Tree.*"
"But, Mr. Fish," gasped Lotta, "aren't you cross?"
"Me?" said the Sculptor, seeming at a Loss.
"The Tree you're making, Mr. Fish. You know."
"Me make a Tree," the Sculptor queried. "Oh,
Now I remember! Ah, these Idle jokes!
One should not jest with Good and Trusting Folks!
True, I did make one little thing to-day,
A small Invention. More I will not say."

And nor he did. But Friends who cast an eye
On Mrs. Jones's lovely Multi-Dry—
A novel Clothes Horse, really quite Unique,
Why, room for all your Washing for the week—
These Friends would stare and say "It worries me.
It Looks like something. Yes! A Christmas tree!"

What of the Sculptor? Had he found his Niche,
Did he invent a Toasting Fork, grow Rich,
And cry "The World's mine Oyster, and the Pearl
Shall be my Bride, this fair and Simple girl?"

No. Mr. Fish still sculpts with wire, like mad;
And Lotta thinks he's horrid, and she's Glad.

ANDE



Yule Laugh! Yule Roar!

First Grand Instalment of Readers' Letters

TIME TO LEG IT

IT was a bitter December night at an R.A.F. camp near Blackpool in the darkest days of World War II. I was batman to Wing-Commander Churn, the C.O. and a fine man, and stayed in camp pressing his trousers for a Christmas party in the officers' mess, when the Sergeant of R.A.F. Police detailed me for carol-singing duties outside the W.A.A.F. (as they then were) quarters. Unluckily I left the iron on the trousers and burnt them through. Did we grin when we got back and found them done in! But it wasn't so funny when the "Wingeo" came to collect!—*"Smithy"* (name supplied), c/o Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, S.E.

SAW THROUGH HIM

PLAYING the rôle of Father Christmas for a kiddies' treat last year my hubby made a great fuss about the proper "costume" and "make-up," saying it would never do for the tots to "rumble" him. But when the time came to hand round the presents from the "tree," five-year-old Clive, a neighbour's little boy, took his gift with a solemn



"Ha, just the very man I wanted to see."

Have you sent your
FUNNIEST XMAS
X-PERIENCE?
It is not too late
to win a Well-built
BLOCK OF FLATS
in
Haywards Heath!

"Thanks, Flogger." Judge of my hubby's face when he heard this *nom-de-plume* under which he is known to all our "grown-up" pals!—*(Mrs.) Ida Flogchick, W.6*

WHEN OTHER LIPS

AS the festive season approaches in the office where I work in a secretarial capacity rules and regulations rather go by the board. With Elise, another girl now married, I used to make the mistletoe my province, always placing a spray over the door of our chief, Mr. Beer. One year, when it was my turn to be standing under the spray when he came out, I waited for the door to open, then closed my eyes tight and remarked "Merry Christmas, Mr. Beer." Nothing happened, and when I looked it was a man who had been fixing the radiator. I shall never forget how we laughed . . . and that was in 1923!—*Miss O. Cheesewright, c/o Galvanized Sheeting Supplies, E.C.2*

KNEW HIS STUFF ALL RIGHT

DURING the war a fellow rating in my corvette, H.M.S. *Flipper*, often tried to persuade the C.O. to transfer him to Physical Training, as he claimed to be a fine athlete. Christmas Day, 1943, the C.O. came on deck and invited him to prove it. My pal did a smashing cartwheel and went over the side!—*B. Fig, Epping.*

(Editor's note: Several readers claim this "Xmas X-perience." We are forwarding Reader Fig the addresses of all his old shipmates.)

TWO MINDS AT REST

WALKING home late one Christmas Eve from the bank where I am employed I suddenly wondered

whether I had turned my key in the strongroom door, as I was one of the two "key-holders" that week. Rather than spoil my holiday by worry and sleepless nights, I retraced my steps to the bank. Just coming out was my fellow "key-holder," who had returned with similar misgivings!—*Derek Bagfoot, 32 Westbourne Grove, W.2.*

FLEW OFF THE HANDLE

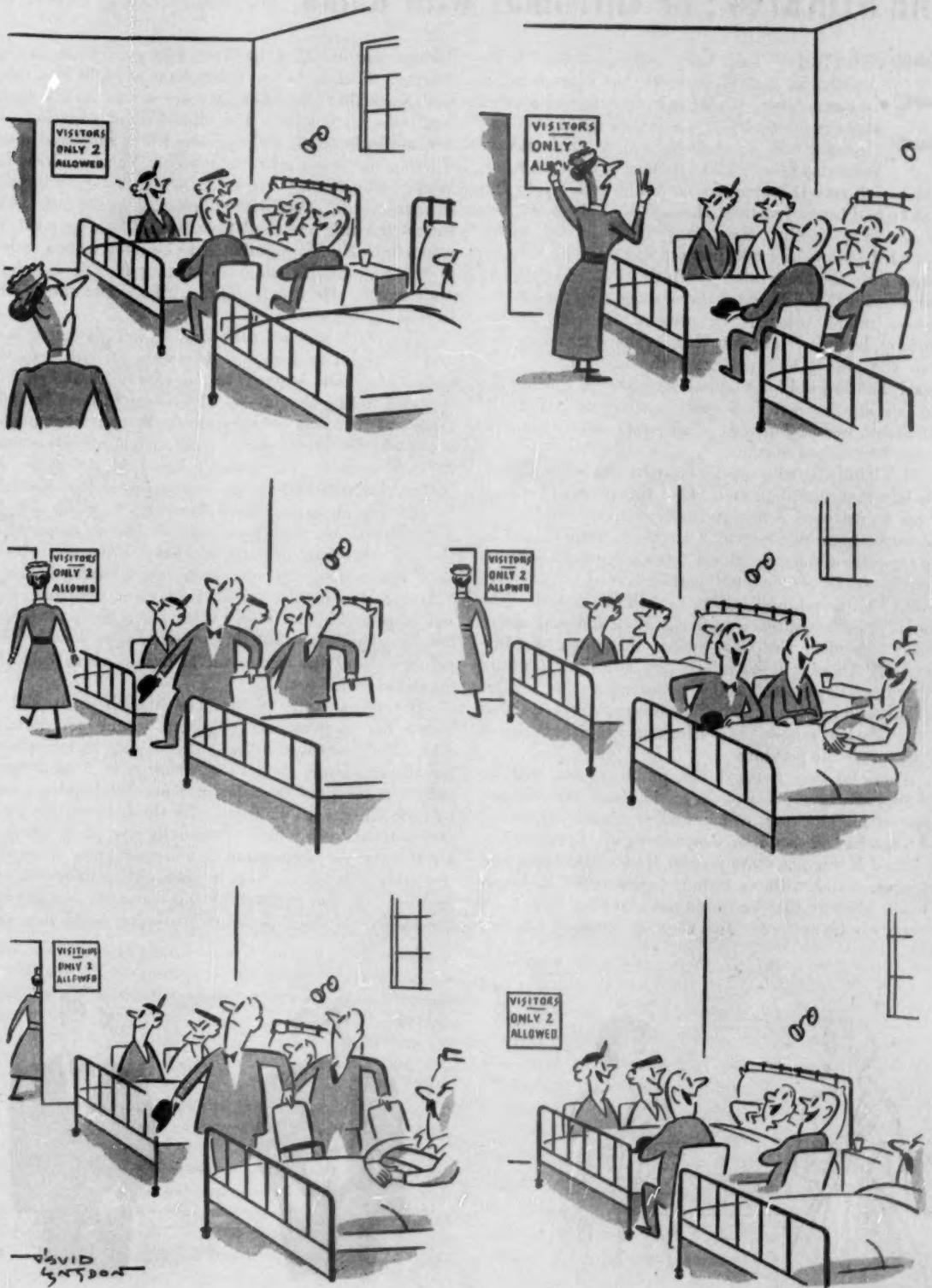
CHRISTMAS, 1938, I was on the dole and nothing for *The dinner* but a tin of pilchards. To make matters worse my wife was in bed with laryngitis and we were both in low spirits. I could not get the lid of the pilchards to roll back, and took them in to the mistress of the house for aid. Saying it was quite simple she twisted the handle impatiently and the tin flew from her hand and hit the wall. We laughed and felt one hundred per cent better, and talk to this day of those fishes slowly sliding down the wallpaper! The mark is still there, a reminder that things are never as bad as they seem.—*Herbert Ward Handle, 1055b, Goldhawk Road, W.*

THREE OF A KIND

THERE was a breakdown on the Southern Railway one Christmas Eve before the war, and several male passengers passed the waiting time in the refreshment room. The season and the common misfortune broke down all barriers and I made friends with two gentlemen, one named Giggle and the other Chuckle. You can imagine the hilarity when I handed them my card!—*Peter Titter, 14 The Mergers, Walton-on-Thames.*

More Uproarious
READERS' XMAS
X-PERIENCES
next week.

5s. will be paid
for all
SIDE-SPLITTING
ANECDOTES
printed!



THE STOCKING : or Christmas with Kafka

BY ANTHONY POWELL



EVERYBODY had been talking about it for months, so that K. realized that it must arrive sooner or later. In fact whenever he had assured them in moments of delay that he himself was "coming in a moment" they had always reminded him "So is Christmas"; with the result that he felt sure that one day he would wake up to find that he had been overtaken, through no fault of his own, by the event itself. Now, from where he lay on his crumpled pillow, he could just see the stocking hanging limply from the brass rail of the bed. Fräulein Grilpanz had persuaded him to put it there, suggesting that F—Ch— might bring K. a present. Peering at the stocking, he felt certain now that its shape was distorted from the one it had possessed the night before. K. hoped that he would not himself be expected to climb up the chimney, even if F—Ch— had come down it. He almost wished he were going to the office that day, as was his normal routine.

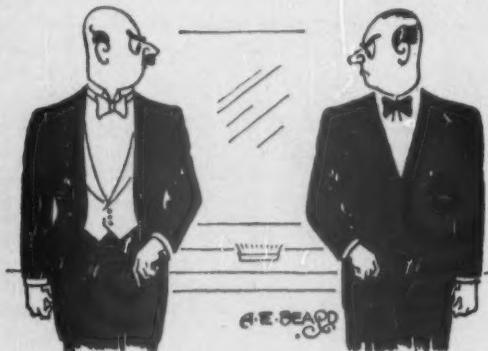
K.'s landlady, who usually brought him his breakfast, was late that morning, and when she appeared, instead of his accustomed coffee and rolls she was carrying on the tray a plum pudding with a sprig of holly placed on the top; though one could not tell what precise purpose these green leaves and red berries served. "Am I to eat it?" K. asked, half raising himself in the bed. The landlady did not answer at first. Then she said rather crossly "Fräulein Grilpanz cooked this plum pudding for you. There will be mince pies later." "I would rather have dry Brod," said K., making a joke; but his landlady did not laugh. The first few mouthfuls assured K. that she had spoken the truth about Fräulein Grilpanz having made the pudding.

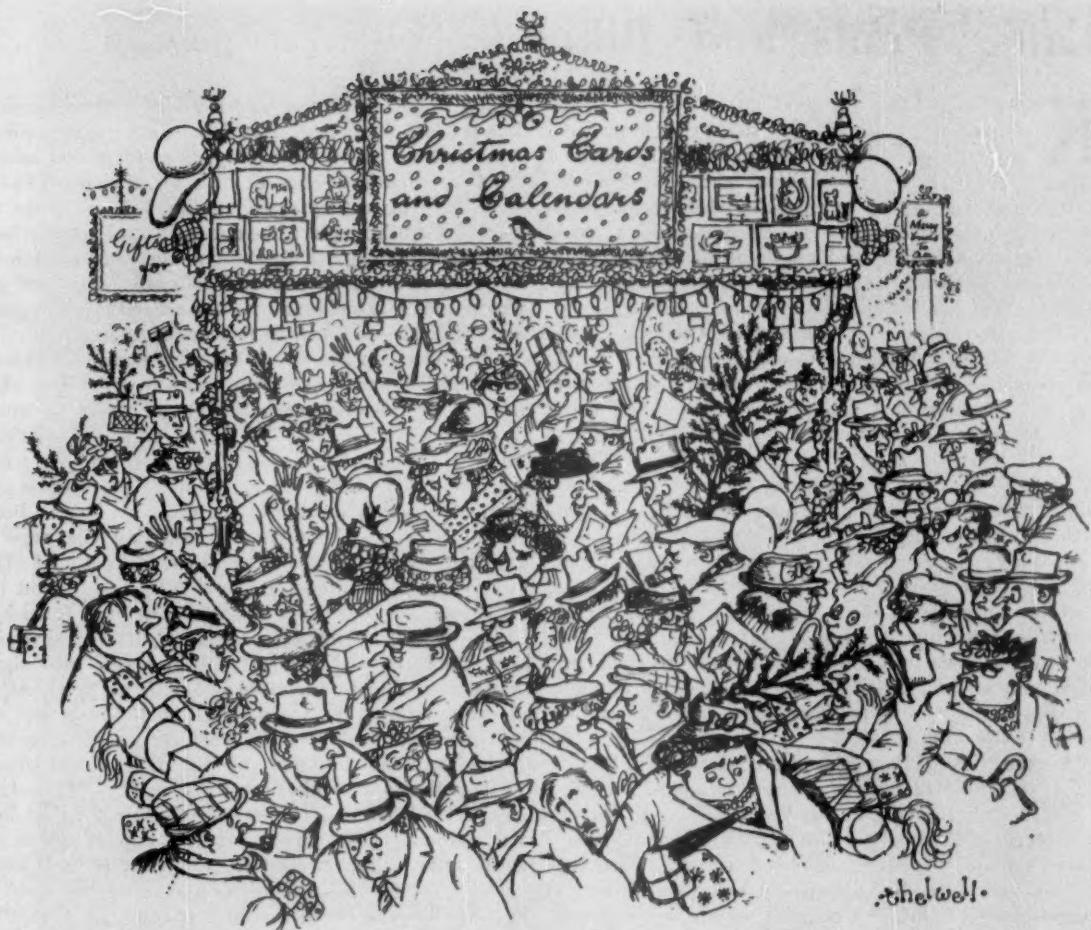
When he had finished the pudding, not without difficulty, K. began to wonder again about the changed shape of his stocking, which had previously disturbed him when he had seen it on first waking up that morning. He hoped it was not some present that would bring him displeasure; and, without wishing to generalize, he began to feel fairly sure that he would not like F—Ch—'s present, whatever it was. Just then the landlady shouted

through the door that the Waits were going to begin their singing. "I thought the Waits came at night as a rule," said K. "This Christmas they are coming in the morning," said his landlady, but offered no explanation. K. felt suddenly tired, and wondered if it mattered much whether the Waits performed or not. Then suddenly the Waits began to sing very loud. A threat seemed implicit in their words. *Good King Wenceslas looked out*. Why should the king have had to *look out* if he were good, K. wondered. He felt humiliated to be lying in bed so late in the morning listening to singing he did not fully understand. He wondered, too, if he would not be wise to *look out* himself.

The Waits stopped their singing and playing at last, and K. began to worry again about his stocking, the shape of which seemed to be slowly changing. It occurred to him that F—Ch— might have brought a present that was actually alive. K. could not understand why Christmas should seem such a difficult season. At that moment there came a knock at the door. K. listened intently because he half suspected that it might be Fräulein Grilpanz herself, come up to make sure he had finished the plum pudding. He hastily disposed of the few remaining crumbs, and said "Come in," at the same time pulling the eiderdown close up under his chin. "Here is the mistletoe," said Fräulein Grilpanz, who now appeared in the room. When she said this she gave him a significant but incomprehensible look. She glanced round the room as if to decide where best the mistletoe should hang.

Out of curiosity K. propped himself up in bed to watch her movements. "Where would you like it, Herr K.?" she asked at last, after trying various places for the mistletoe, such as suspending it from a coat-hanger in the wardrobe. K. answered her inquiring look by indicating, with his foot under the blanket, the piece of furniture by his bed. "Actually the place where I put it is not very important, as you must know yourself," she said. "What matters is your own attitude to my decision." K. felt irritated by this comment, but did not dispute it. "I think the same reasoning could very well





"Here's a rather nice one with 'Peace on Earth' on it."

apply to the present F—— Ch—— may or may not have brought me," he replied. Fräulein Grilpanz seemed disconcerted by this mention of the stocking. "Perhaps you would rather that I took it away and examined it before you did so yourself?" she asked. K. said that he would much prefer her to follow that course. "In that case you may not need the mistletoe either?" she suggested, tentatively. However, K. said he would keep the mistletoe. He did not know quite why he decided this. He watched her untie the stocking from the bedpost. He had attached it with somewhat complicated knots. She carried it out in such a way that it was still impossible for him to tell for certain whether or not any additional object was contained therein. He was not sure that Fräulein Grilpanz had been altogether pleased by this interchange of conversation. She had shut the door behind her rather noisily. K. thought that if Christmas Day was to be as difficult as this, Boxing Day would probably be even more disturbing.

Chelsea

IN Chelsea nowadays the morning starts
With bowler hats and polished shoes that go
Towards the city. Who, I want to know,
Now plays the old authentic Chelsea parts,
The carefully derelict minds and withered hearts,
The hands that shook too much to paint? And, oh,
Where are the bald young men who talked as though
Blank failure were the highest of the arts?
Only the football club still carries high
The smouldering flambeau of the old tradition.
Chelsea means Football now: the artistry:
The proper genius for inanition:
Promise and failure: sad fans homeward bound:
Tatters of Celtic twilight on the ground.

PETER DICKINSON

Cuffs, Pools and Bikes

BY WILLIAM SANSOM

KNOW what I like? Best of the lot? I like to get the old bike out and hop it down the garage cuff, the cuff that's up the top, not down the bottom. Into my yellows, belt up the old black mack, buckle a bag-strap round the gut, canvas to rubber that, and up aloft my mica peaker, oil-green has-been gained a week ago . . . and dear old Trinidad we're off along the old white line and down the cuff before the traffic copper up upon his beat has bat his blinking eye.

And "Hi-yah, Cyril!" "Glass of fizz, Cecil?" That's the way it goes! A Sherbet Quench for Herbert down the greasing bench—but me for a cup of you-and-me, portion of custard tart and packet of fags, and then we're down to what we want, our pools. Night schools isn't in it when the boys get cracking at their coupons. Suck-a-stub frowns come creeping on their faces, dark vicious fissures deep as sin, horrible to see it is, and then to think what ponderings go on in there! Wanderers or Wednesday? Spurs prevail on Arsenal? Where will the Orient be come Saturday—gone west? That is the way the wind blows round them foreheads pressed in awful thought—scratching their nappers off, twitching to beat the band, buttons to left of them, buttons to right, no single man with fingernail unbit upon his either hand—it makes a fellow proud to sit among a crowd like that, and not a little bit afraid.

Another slice of Bakewell, please! Fruit Nip, Fred? Shake well the bottle then—there's sounds of revving up this night! Revving in mind and revving in body! Bikes on the go! See now a slow articulated guided right inside for filling up, gas for machine, tea and a slice for man, and nice indeed to see the petrol feeds about—green, red and orange, as bright a range of colours as you'll see in a day-long drive . . . while on our air that smells of good clean grit (no messy leaves) the richer smell of petrol sits, odours of oil and smoking rubber weave a spell about our motors—soaking their scrum with grease; a hub or then an axle gets a rub from blokes who go about repairs with vimly vigour (grimmer affairs within their minds, figures of graver permutation revving there) . . . while raise your eyes and there's the picture of a speed-ace

racing round an advert for an additive, or drop them in a peacock pool of petrol staining the bone-grey compo floor with all its rainbow glory, drop them and adore!

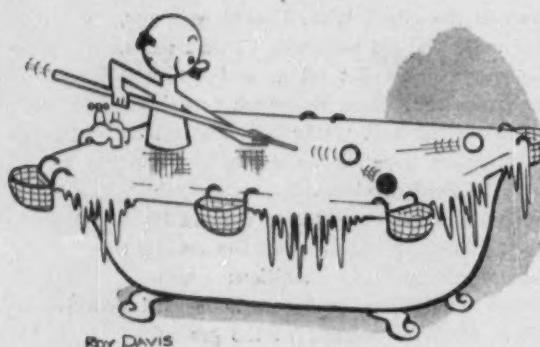
Char, Charlie? Slice of dick for Richard? Cut it thick! No place they say like home? Don't make me laugh! There's no place like our cuff! And you can have your Margates, Monte Carlos too—the cuff's enough for me, closer to heaven our cuff than any other gaff you please, that is the place a man can sit and think in peace and drink his tea adrift in reveries of referees.

Yet—trouble lies a-lurk in every paradise! There's darkness lies ahead—as I can see too well. For while the Old Firm's working steady on its perms—it works its own destruction. What drives us on to kill the thing we love? For Lord above that's what we're up to when you get down to it. Every cross we place upon our coupons brings us nearer to the cross we fear to bear, yet hope for . . . don't you see we're weaving rope to hang ourselves? We're out to hit the jackpot, eh? The jackpot's out to hit us, I would rather say—and hit us hard. For once we win it—then it's Good-bye Cuff! Good-bye to all such simple joys! Good-bye old bike, good-bye to the boys! Sit in a cuff with sixty thousand sitting in the bank? No thank you! After all, we're human, only that; we'll go the way that all flesh goes, the flash way up the Dilly where to-night's the night and scarlet-hearted judies live. Along comes the boy that's won his div and then it's "Pleaseter-meetyer!" "Charmed I'm sure"—no cure for that but champagne to your supper, when a cup of tea is all you're after, caviar it's got to be, a ritzy car and then you're taken for the kind of ride you never had upon a bike, hot lips and hearts of ice, that is the price, that is the price we'll pay the day we win—wages of virtue won to pay the price of sin.

Then where are the smells a-nose but yesterday? Where boiling tar upon a summer's day? Where asphalt haze that whiled away our days? Where essences of sweet exhaust riding the evening air? Where ices? Where our road-hot tyres, air-filled and fancy free? Where rags of oil? Where bags of tools? We mourn them, who have drunk our fill of filled-up pools. A two-stroke kicks a back-fire to the gods! Brave sound to echo streets around! Thrice thirty piston-rods rotate, blue dreams of pure monoxide fume, they're tuning up, they're set to go . . . too late, too late, we've made a date, our fate is now in other hands.

Where is the sense of wanting more than pence when pounds won't look to themselves? Whenever Adam delves his bit there's Eve to spin, and spin you round her little finger Eve will, the more you linger on the job the sooner Mrs. Right will come along to get you in the wrong.

Living is what you make of it—don't make too much is all I say! All that we cherish perishes—yet, that is what we're at! Cream soda, Chris? A curd-tart, Bert? As for yours truly, he will eat his hat.







Calendar of Unholy & Dead-letter Days

Beautification of St Henna
S^t Lukewarm of Laodicea, the Tolerator
**Apotheosis of the C.M. Commonly
 called Lowbrow Sunday**
St Marx the Evangelist
All Fools' Day
Venerable Bernard Shaw, G.O.M.
Sacred name of Science

Fiery Loins of St Lawrence
Smothering Sunday
S^t Sigmund (Freud) Sub-Limine
**Theophany of the Spirit of Progress,
 commonly called Petrol Sunday**
Gratification of St George
**Blessed Hytton Strachey,
 The Debunker**

The Cosmic Synthesis

[The following correspondence, communicated to us by one of the persons concerned, speaks for itself. Mr. Punch would welcome further information about the important religious movement to which it draws attention.]

To DIDYMUS PANTHEON, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., etc., Professor of Comparative Irreligion in Mansoul University, Cosmopolis.

DEAR Professor Pantheon,—In an incomplete copy of that very scarce publication, Blimey's *Monumental Monstrosities of the Age of Unreason*, I have come across the enclosed colour-plate. The reference is lacking; but it appears to represent a stained-glass window, of debased neo-Gothic type, dedicated to some kind of devotional cult. A few of the personages depicted seem vaguely familiar, but others are quite unknown to me. Can you help?

Yours very truly,
DOROTHY L. SAYERS

To Miss DOROTHY L. SAYERS, M.A., D.Litt.,
c/o MR. PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

Dear Dr. Sayers.—I am deeply indebted to you for the rare "extra" plate to *Blimey*, which I had not seen before; it is not included in either the B.M. or the Bodleian copy. I do not know for what building the window was designed; but I think I may say without undue hesitation that it is in some way connected with that widely-distributed though elusive Community (so to call it; though it specifically repudiates communion) whose adherents are variously known as Stylites, Polarites, Animamundanes, Egregians, Cacophonophiles (or Discordants), Umbragians, Nolimetangerines, etc. It is claimed that its following embraces almost the whole population of the Western World (with the exception of a few strict Jews and fanatical Christian sects); and this makes it the more remarkable that the secret of its organization and cult should be so well kept. It is perhaps a *secret de Polichinelle* so obvious as to escape observation.

So far as I can ascertain, this Community resembles

EDITED BY DOROTHY L. SAYERS

the early Gnostic churches, in that it consists of an Outer Diffusion of Simple Followers, or "Nebulous" and an Inner Concentration of Initiates, or "Sufficients." The former practise the rites associated with the innumerable cult-divinities, and subscribe to the ethical code and esoteric doctrine provided for them; but have no access to the Mysteries. The latter are jealous guardians of the *arcana*, and alone know the true name of the esoteric Deity who is worshipped under so many Protean disguises.

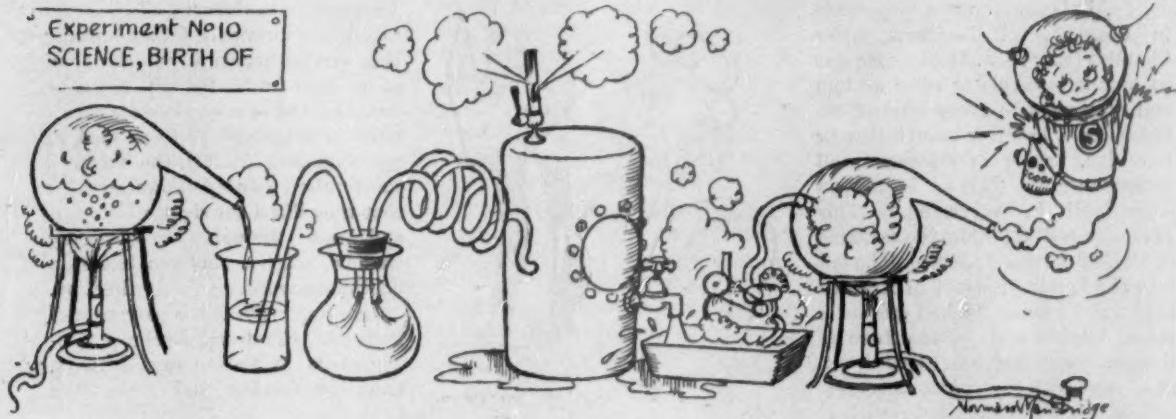
There is also said to be a dissident body calling themselves "Galactics," who affirm that the general following has become corrupt, and are concerned to recover and restore the sincere Milk of the Way.

I have been for some time engaged in research on this subject, and in return for your most valuable window (which illuminates a number of problems) I have pleasure in sending you a few items which have come into my hands. The sketch represents a fragment of an oak screen (discovered in a tithe-barn in Norfolk) which is of much greater antiquity than the window, and shows that the cult goes back to at least the 15th century. The notes on the Saints depicted are culled from the *Legenda Plumbea of Jacques de Voracity* (? Veracity)—a curious book, of which no two copies are alike. I have also added a so-called "Polar" Hymn from a MS in a private collection, and (though this very tentatively) my own conjectural reconstruction of part of the "Polar" Calendar, showing the succession of the Seasons, with Moveable Feasts and a few of the Unholy and Dead-Letter Days. This last item has been put together from isolated hints and indications; and it must be regarded as *entirely* provisional and subject to modification in the light of future research.

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

DIDYMUS PANTHEON

I confess myself puzzled by the frequent allusions to "poles" and "polarity." Dr. Grubbenbücher believes them to have an electrical signification; but I am inclined to associate them with some kind of totem-cult.



The Pantheon Papers

The Calendar

The Polar Year is divided into eight Seasons. ADVERTISEMENT, a season of solemn preparation leading up to the *Birth of Science* (Winter Solstice), is followed by CACOPHONY, which extends from *Circumlocution* to *Derogation Day*; after which *Trash Wednesday* brings us to the pestilential season of UMBRAGE. Then comes the great equinoctial Feast of the ENLIGHTENMENT, whose season ends on *Civilization Sunday*. The season of COMPRESSION (devoted to the celebration of the Masses in Urbanity) begins with *Ignition Sunday* and ends in *Explosion*. Immediately after comes the *Theophany of the Spirit of Progress* (commonly called *Petrol Sunday*), which marks the Summer Solstice. After the brisk series of Sundays in PETROL (briefly interrupted by the Feast of the *Unholy Name*), we break out into EXPANSION, which lasts from *Bank Holiday* (first Monday in August) to *Exhaust Sunday* and *All-Hallows*, celebrated at the Autumn Equinox. The Sunday following, *Pole-Star Sunday*, devoted to the cult of Isolation, ushers in the season of POLARITY, a period of peculiar and awful sanctity, in which the cycle of the year completes its revolution.

Hagiological Notes

St. Lukewarm of Laodicea, Martyr

St. Lukewarm was a magistrate in the city of Laodicea under Claudius (Emp. A.D. 41-54). He was so broadminded as to offer asylum and patronage to every kind of religious cult, however unorthodox or repulsive, saying in answer to all remonstrances: "There is always some truth in everything." This liberality earned for him the surname of "The Tolerator." At length he fell into the hands of a sect of Anthropophagi (for whom he had erected a sacred kitchen and cooking stove at the public expense), and was duly set on to stew with the appropriate ceremonies. By miraculous intervention,

however, the water continually went off the boil; and when he was finally served up, his flesh was found to be so tough and tasteless that the Chief Anthropophagus spat out the unpalatable morsel, exclaiming: "*Tolerator non tolerandus!*" (A garbled Christian version of this legend is preserved in *Rev. iii. 16*).

St. Lukewarm is the patron saint of railway caterers, and is usually depicted holding a cooking-pot.

SS. Ursula and Ursulina

(popularly called SS. URSA MAJOR and MINOR)

These two sisters are sometimes said to have belonged to the famous mediaeval family of the Orsini, and sometimes to a patrician gens of ancient Rome, but their legend clearly goes back to a much more remote antiquity. Though as beautiful and accomplished as they were nobly-born, they nevertheless dedicated themselves from early maidenhood to a life of Arctic severity, practising the Polar virtues of frigidity and superiority to a truly heroic degree. Rejecting all suitors, and resolutely detaching themselves from the society of their kindred and inferiors, they immured themselves in a tower of blue looking-glass, and for the last forty

years of their lives spoke only to one another. Lest death should reduce them to the level of common humanity, the Spirit of Proper Pride miraculously turned them into White Bears, and translated them to the North Pole, whence they perpetually contemplate their own reflections in the starry heavens. They are usually represented in the bodies of their transformation.

St. Simian Stylites

This fifth-century saint is reputed to have spent his entire life on a pedestal. When told that this behaviour might cause him to be confused with a certain superstitious Christian who was similarly engaged, he made the crushing rejoinder: "*Iste corpus exaltatum mentem humilem habet; ego autem omnino superior.*" He added that the attitudes, not the platitudes, of the virtuous were to be imitated.

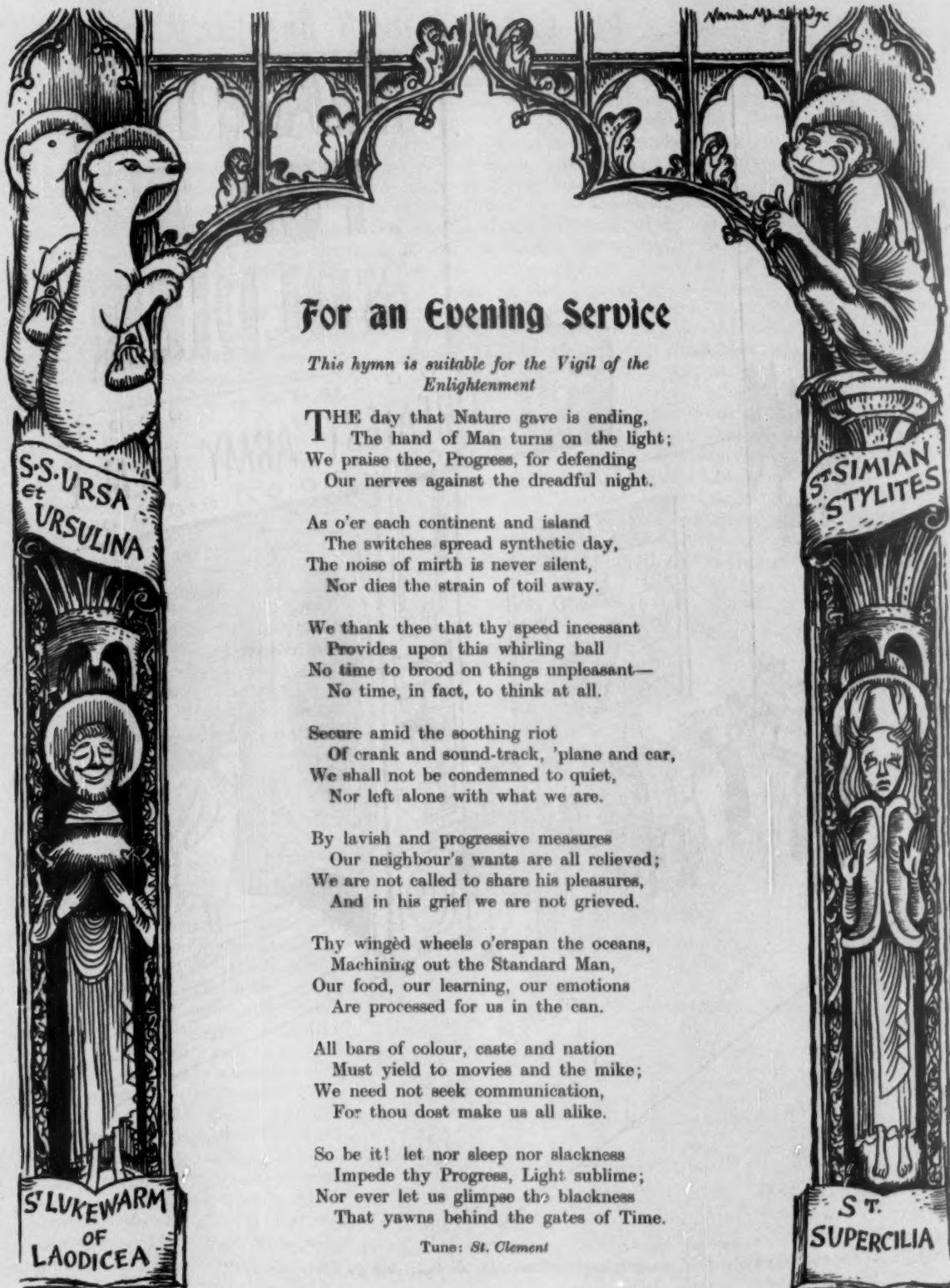
St. Simian is one of the most important saints in the calendar, his feast being celebrated on the day following All-Hallows. Roughly-carved effigies belonging to his cult are found in every nursery, where, under the familiar name of "Monkey-on-a-Stick," they are the objects of much infant devotion.

St. Supercilia

St. Supercilia, born in Paris about the year 1400, was a maiden of remarkable erudition, who steadfastly refused to marry any one who could not defeat her in open disputation. When the best scholars of all the Universities in Europe had tried and failed, her unworthy father brutally commanded her to accept the hand of a man who, though virtuous, sensible, and of a good estate, knew only six languages, and was weak in mathematics. At this, the outraged saint raised her eyebrows so high that they lifted her right off her feet and out through a top-storey window, whence she was last seen floating away in a northerly direction.

St. Supercilia is the patroness of Pedants. Her feast, *Eyebrow Sunday*, falls in Cacophony, between *Lowbrow Sunday* and *Derogation Day*.





For an Evening Service

This hymn is suitable for the Vigil of the Enlightenment

THE day that Nature gave is ending,
The hand of Man turns on the light;
We praise thee, Progress, for defending
Our nerves against the dreadful night.

As o'er each continent and island
The switches spread synthetic day,
The noise of mirth is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of toil away.

We thank thee that thy speed incessant
Provides upon this whirling ball
No time to brood on things unpleasant—
No time, in fact, to think at all.

Secure amid the soothing riot
Of crank and sound-track, 'plane and car,
We shall not be condemned to quiet,
Nor left alone with what we are.

By lavish and progressive measures
Our neighbour's wants are all relieved;
We are not called to share his pleasures,
And in his grief we are not grieved.

Thy wingèd wheels o'erspan the oceans,
Machining out the Standard Man,
Our food, our learning, our emotions
Are processed for us in the can.

All bars of colour, caste and nation
Must yield to movies and the mike;
We need not seek communication,
For thou dost make us all alike.

So be it! let nor sleep nor slackness
Impede thy Progress, Light sublime;
Nor ever let us glimpse the blackness
That yawns behind the gates of Time.

Tune: *St. Clement*



"From here, smartly right-about-turn, dismiss, and go home quietly!"

What You Want and What You Can Get

BY GWYN THOMAS

I AM Theo Morgan the Monologue, and if you meet anyone from Meadow Prospect who wants to become an artist tell him from me to give up the thought. In an area of such impenetrable rodneys as this the best thing to do is to stick to simple manual forms of expressions that lull the wits into a deep doze and will be quickly understood by those around.

I remember some of the first Go As You Please concerts I entered as a reciter. There was one recitation I did in which I was condemned to death and waiting in my cell the night before the event. It was a fine poem called "I Shall Die Before Time for Another's Crime." The woman I loved in this poem was married to a waster, but the crime he had committed was to get money to save the life of his only child, named after me. So I take the blame. The only trouble was that the poem was very short. It had been written by a bard from Windy Way called Aneurin Lambert the Lament, the saddest poet since Taliesin; although Taliesin, faced by the sight of a nation scourged and on the run, was never troubled by such specific bits of ruin as having the chimney of a subsiding house come right down on him in the middle of an ode to instability, which is what happened to Lambert.

Writing the poem finished Lambert off and he was wheeled off for treatment with the thing no more advanced than the first draft. So I had to make up for the missing text with actions, and this was just the card for me, a natural actor.

I told Luther Cann the Col, the manager of the Colisseum cinema, where the Go As You Please concerts were held, not to mention the name of the poem to the audience. "I'll make it all clear, Mr. Cann," I said. "This is my challenge. This is going to be a miracle of miming. Sheer artistry will get every point across even to voters whose last thought perished with Custer." Luther, a fussy element but a good manager, said all right, but there was a doubtful look in his eye as he turned

away which made me feel this was the first time he had ever heard of miming.

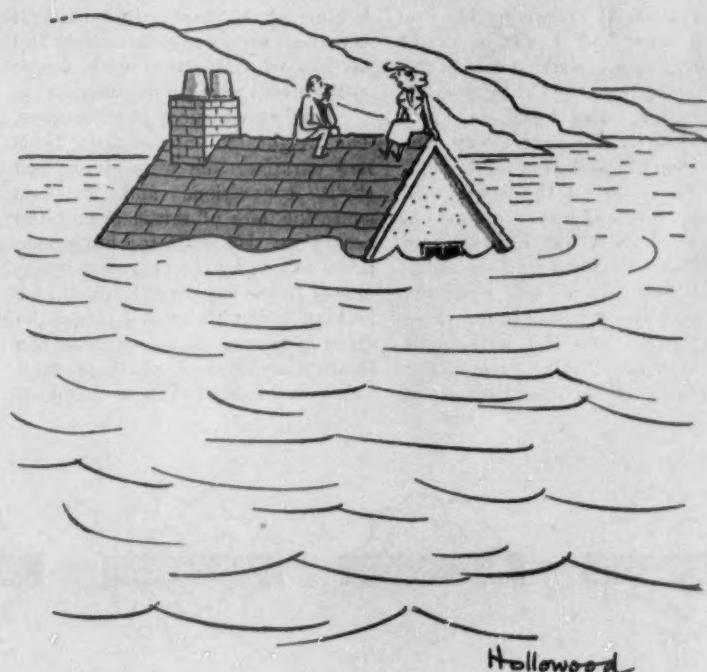
The first night the curtain went across and showed me on a bench. My head was down, coming up only for a short peal of laughter on the distracted side, modelled on some outbursts I had from Lambert in this line just before he entered his last phase. Some of the people thought I was making a slow approach to some such turn as that record "The Laughing Policeman," and they joined in to help me work up quickly to the right volume. Charlie Lush the Ush who collects the tickets in the Col, and Owen Bowen the Beam who projects the films, had to go around the aisles frowning at these lovers of laughter saying "Have a care there, have a care. Morgan is a serious artist."

I tried, by miming alone, to tell

the story of the event that had led me to my plight, and by different jerks of the body to suggest what was waiting for me.

After one or two trips from the bench to the footlights, and glaring and giving out the title just to let them have something to chew on, and urging Lush and Bowen to let the noisier voters have it with the disinfectant tin, I felt that the moment had come to give voice with the libretto itself.

Then there was the loudest commotion in the wings I had ever heard. I looked. It was that swarthy little voter who sweeps chimneys up in Windy Way, Handel Hughes the Flues, done up in such a way as would have upset a corgi, let alone a serious artist. Hughes at first sight looked trussed up and choking. He had one of those articles they call gazookas strapped to his mouth, an



"Yes, but suppose it doesn't subside: suppose it's all part of some new hydro-electric development project?"



"Bus queues? Oh,
they don't work badly
on the . . .



. . . whole, especially
when it's off peak and
room for . . .



. . . all; of course,
when it's rush hour
and pouring with . . .



. . . rain, you'll always
get plenty of slippery
ones, working . . .



. . . the blind side;
nipping up the gutter
just as the . . .

accordion made for some element with twice the torso of Hughes in his arms, and a drum strapped low down his back at which Hughes was going to strike with a drumstick which he had tied to his leg.

He was accompanied by that inscrutable group of theorists from Windy Way: Gomer Gough the Gavel, a chronic chairman of debates and promoter of disputes whose first act on birth was to look up at his mother and put two formal amendments; Edwin Pugh the Pang, the tenderest bloom on the fungoid conscience of this epoch. Gough and his friends were always out to put life in a shady, contemptible and absurd light, and it was no doubt their intention to strike a note of disquieting satire in the Col by presenting Hughes, who looks as lowly and abject as the very sweep who started off the agitation for broader flues, marching on the stage with this apparatus of gaiety upon him.

Behind Pugh was Luther Cann the Col, and I wasted no time edging toward the wings and gesturing Cann with angry hands to get these clowns back into the ante-rooms where they could do no harm to my performance or the social sanity of

Meadow Prospect. Down in the auditorium a friend of Gomer Gough, Willie Silcox the Psyche, was adding his own tooth-marks to the damage.

Silcox set up as an analyst of thought, and he was one of the most mischievous nuisances working in this field. If Freud could have foreseen Silcox he would have kept his peace. Silcox was giving out to the audience such slogans as "Morgan the Monologue has now gone officially off his chump. Reciting and debauchery and a fleshly reactionary point of view have now sent him spinning off the hinge. He has been up there for the last five minutes holding up the revels with no idea of what he is supposed to be reciting and he is now conversing with voters in the wings who are not there."

Hughes was now in difficulties. The weight and novelty of all his new paraphernalia were giving him slight convulsions and he was squeezing bits of music out of the accordion. He must too have been made to itch by the various deposits of soot in the creases of his body, for he kept lifting his leg and giving the drum a whack. Some voters in the front now shouted up that they were on to what I was doing—a

subtle revival of a piece I had done about the relief of Khartoum.

I was just going to pitch in to Lambert's text when Luther Cann gave Hughes a push and he came marching on with his gazooka, drum and accordion going full blast on a theme that sounded a bit like "Oh Where, Tell Me Where, Is My Highland Laddie Gone?" almost lurching on to his face every time he let the drum have it from the back, looking grotesque and putting paid to any notion of serious art. Luther was motioning me angrily off the stage. But I was thinking of the future and determined not to have my little bit of reputation roasted alive by such social incendiaries as Gough.

So I fell in behind Hughes imitating his jerky gait and doing what I thought was a fair piece of clowning. I intended to edge Hughes back into the wings or, if necessary, give him a covert push that would topple him over into the audience, and then swiftly introduce a recitation I knew about Livingstone and Stanley, done in alternating Scots and Welsh accents, because Stanley came from Newcastle Emlyn, trying in this context to stress the comic side of missionary life not to



. . . come back to their
proper place; in fact,
if you get enough . . .



. . . diddlers in the
queue, they'll have the
head of it half-way . . .



. . . back to the stop
before, by the time
they've finished . . .



. . . double-crossing
one another, while all
the . . .



. . . decent folks just
stand there all the
time, getting . . .



... bus comes in; hopping on to the back of the platform while the ...



... conductor's trying to get the passengers off first, please, on the ...



... front side of the bar; running off to the second bus when ...



... two come in together, and starting a new queue on their ...



... own, all as innocent as you please, and quite forgetting to ...

make too abrupt a transition from the tone set by Hughes. I contributed a strong tenor line to "Where, Tell Me Where," to keep my place on the stage, but he switched to "Bonnets Over the Border."

I failed to keep pace with Hughes's medley and went into a kind of rough reel to keep myself before the public. I am no dancer and it was a blow for me to step down from the level of really dignified art to become a twin in degradation with Hughes.

Willie Sileox, down in the aisles, was drawing attention to my dancing. "Without question," he was saying, "Morgan has now reached the stage of dementia precox and he won't even be reasonable about it. If Hughes gets off that stage alive it will be because Morgan has a poor aim as well as a raving mind."

Then Hughes's gazooka slipped and I leapt straight into the first line of "I Shall Die Before Time For Another Man's Crime."

I was just going into the second line, giving it so much emotional warmth I almost melted Hughes's drumstrap, when Gomer Gough, Edwin Pugh and another friend of

theirs, Milton Nicholas, came walking on to the stage followed by Willie Sileox. Edwin fixed Hughes's gazooka back into position while Silcox explained to the audience what lay behind the strange appearance of Hughes in such festive rig.

"A man," he said, "can subsist for just so long in desolation, looking up chimneys, dusting the soot off everything except his own heart, where the slowest and most sinister fires burn, marching up and down Windy Way festooned with brushes that make him look like a defeated gnome. We decided that there was great artistry as well as great endurance in Handel Hughes. So my friends Gomer, Edwin and Milton have trained and equipped Handel as an emblem of man's will to make a great sound of music in the face of a thousand reasons why he should think it wiser and safer to stay shut up."

Then Gough and his friends grouped themselves around Hughes and they gave us a long series of marching songs of the people, ballads with wild provocative words that Luther Cann as a leading business man should never have allowed, about voters from the time of the

Chartists who have come out on the streets asking for taller roofs and lower rents for the labouring masses. I stamped off in disgust, and joined Luther Cann in the wings. I was about to scald him with a demand that those disquieting rodney's on the stage be served with white lead in their next round of cocoa when Luther told me there was no one to handle the monkey-nut sales in the right-hand aisle. So within a minute I had the monkey-nut basket around my neck and was making such a racket loading the voters with monkey-nuts I drowned out half the words of those hymns of dissent from Gough and his friends.

I was glad I had held my fire with Luther Cann. A serious reciter should never commit himself. He must dwell forever and cautiously in the strange neutral land that separates the doleful cry of the poet from the thoughtless clamour of the daubs over whose torn and wasted dreams he raises his voice in benediction. Besides, the commission on those monkey-nuts is a halfpenny a packet, and short of simple burglary I can think of no single trade that brings in a bigger return in Meadow Prospect.



... wetter and wetter, and wondering why on earth all the buses are ...



... so much harder to get on to whenever it rains; of course ...



... I can't say anything; how could I, in any ...



... case, when some ass has gone and designed me ...



... with my lips sealed!"

SUPERMAG

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OLD TALES RETOLD BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER, RICHARD USBORNE.
With cartoonist Norman Mansbridge

1 "GOOD KING WENCESLAS"

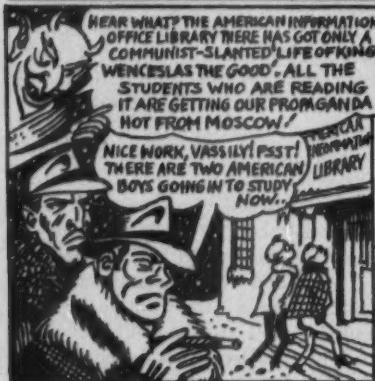
DEMOCRATIC ANTI-COMMUNIST
FREE-ENTERPRISE KING SOLVES
COUNTRY'S FUEL CRISIS.
WINS SUN-TANNED
PRINCESS.
ROYAL CZECH-MATE

IN WASHINGTON, ALL-AMERICAN
PATRIOT, SUPERMAC, IS IN TOUCH
BY SECRET, SUPERSONIC WRIST-
WATCH TV., WITH DANGERSPOTS
THE WORLD OVER.....



NOW HE SWITCHES TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

TO A STREET IN PRAGUE....



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CZECHOLAND WAS NOT ALWAYS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN. LONG AGO, BEFORE THE DAWN OF THE NEW HISTORY, THE HONEST, HARD-WORKING, FREE-ENTERPRISE CZECHS WERE RULED, THE DEMOCRATIC WAY, BY YOUNG, BACHELOR



But it was a very cold winter. The Moscow-trained leaders of the Czech public utilities system had come out on strike and a Moscow agent had recently bought up all woodcutting rights in all Czech forests. There was a terrible fuel shortage... power cuts all the time! The Czech way of American life was threatened, and in what was to be Princess Pearl's room in the palace, the central heating was on the blink...





Gaudy Year

BY LORD KINROSS

WHEN Rip Van Proust returned to Paris, remembering things past, after spending some twenty years in a sanatorium, he went to an afternoon party and was astonished to see all his contemporaries in disguise. Their heads were powdered, they wore snow-white beards, and their faces were marvellously made up, with wrinkles. So does time camouflage us, from year to year and from decade to decade.

During the past year I had a similar experience. After spending some twenty-five years in the outside world, I returned one night to the university to attend a "gaudy" at my old college. We found contemporaries with ageless faces and powdered coiffures, contemporaries with ravaged faces and no coiffures at all, contemporaries who seemed to have padded themselves out with pillows, others who had put on unconvincing whiskers and moustaches, and even some who appeared, from a suggestion of likeness, to be the fathers or grandfathers of contemporaries.

The game, as at some masked New Year entertainment, was to identify them all as they entered the hall: a guessing game, in which we were seldom "hot"

straight away, but would proceed by stages from cold to lukewarm, and as often as not be obliged to confess: "I give it up. Who are you meant to be?"

At dinner, however, a "crib" was provided, in the form of a printed table-plan, to assist the translation of faces into names, and tactful investigations then translated names into professions. The shy, spectacled man who used to scurry in and out of his rooms on the adjoining staircase had been transformed into a venerable professor of music. Those two whose rather laughable names used to excite our pranks were now distinguished, greying pillars of the Home Civil Service. A number had changed, surprisingly, into clerical collars. A notorious aesthete had developed the features of an ascetic.

But as we proceeded with our investigations one salient conclusion emerged: that a steady job, a permanent home, orderly habits, fixed principles and incomes are the things that really age a man. The ones who looked youngest were those whose lives were evidently irregular. One, when we asked him to what he attributed his great youth, replied: "In an unsettled age I didn't settle down."



"Oh Lord! Here he goes again."

There were some notable attendances of those believed dead, and some even more notable absentees.

"Why isn't he here?"

"Sense of guilt . . . *Angst* . . . Afraid of not getting his mention in the speeches . . . Still beachcombing in the South of France . . . Took a job as a butler and it's not his night off . . . At the last dinner he passed out with the sherry . . ."

Conversation, as at this festive season of the year, proceeded on reminiscent lines: "He climbed into society by means of his rope ladder . . . Do you remember that night when we put a mixture of port and hairwash in his bed? . . . Do you remember when the second eight bumped the first? . . . When I was de-bagged I claimed thirty shillings damages from the J.C.R. and got it . . . What became of that aesthete who nearly cut off the Solicitor-General's thumb? . . ."

A notable scientist conducted a sweepstake on the length of the speeches. The Master, in his, made free use of cricketing metaphors. At the head of the college "batting order" were the high-table guests: the distinguished critic and essayist, the other distinguished critic and essayist, the retired Sudan official, the Deputy-Chairman of the Something Advisory Council of the British Something Authority; and lower down in it were two headmasters, seven professors, five M.P.s. All could be relied on to exert an influence beneficial to the second half of the twentieth century.

Members of the college, past and present, had achieved a number of recent distinctions, not forgetting a chess blue and a splendid failure to reach the top of Everest. Nor must we forget the college servants, the most faithful of whom had forty-two years' service and was still "not out." Before "declaring his innings closed" the Master referred appropriately to the college's well-known qualities of mutual forbearance and intellectual integrity.

Other speeches preferred metaphors connected with transport. Our generation was "on the right track," some of us were even "plumb on the main line," and only a few of us were "round the bend." We might not be quite up to the standard of those "glittering giants on



Staircase Fourteen," before World War I. But one of us, after all, was an Archbishop and another was an Archangel (it seemed in India).

Normal contemporaries, in their speeches, tended to boast of their abnormality, serious ones of their "fundamental light-mindedness." One liked to think that there was always "something rather odd" about us, recalling nostalgically that "slightly crazy" spirit which led to the bowling of hoops down the High, and to the periodic disguise of now prominent State servants in crinolines, impersonating the Bad Fairy, the Fairy Rosebud, and the Little Princess. Another recalled the now distinguished Ambassador who once boiled and ate an egg during a lecture. One of the M.P.s rounded off the evening with urbanity, recalling the morning litany of the bath attendant and suggesting its application to his colleagues speaking in the House of Commons: "Hurry up, gentlemen, please! There are plenty of other gentlemen waiting."

After which the common rooms of the college were thrown open to us, far into the night, for the drinking of unlimited free beer and cider. Ten years hence it will happen again. But by then the game may be growing a trifle macabre.

* * *

A Nation of Sailors

BUT, then, we're a nation of sailors, the sea's in our blood . . ." And some people believe it, must actually *feel* the sharp salt Rushing round their capillaries, staining corpuscles cobalt, And credit their ancestors reaching right back to the Flood With miraculous powers—confined to the British race— Of taking in solids through gaps in the carapace, Presumably while bathing; What's more, by some process so far revealed only to mystics, They transmit these acquired characteristics.

So people in Wigan—you can see that we're going to be scathing— Are awfully handy in boats, Everyone in Birmingham floats, No one is seasick in Bradford, in Penge they all pine For a life on the wholly unknown but inherited brine.

* * * * *

We're a nation of . . . well, who *doesn't* like pleasure-boat trips? And the sea's in our blood . . . if not literal *sea*, fish and chips. JUSTIN RICHARDSON

The Nationalization of Ghosts

BY R. P. LISTER

EVEN in this egalitarian age of fair do's for all there is still one commodity whose distribution among the population is monstrously uneven. I am referring, of course, to ghosts. Ghosts are a national asset; and it is surely time that a scheme for their nationalization should appear on the programme of that progressive party for whose return to power we all yearn.

The ideal of a fair and equitable ghost-distribution is one I have long had at heart. I want to see ghosts provided, as a matter of course, for workers' housing estates. I want to see ghosts in the New Towns; I want to see them attached to Civic Centres, and perambulating the exquisitely interminable corridors of our comprehensive State schools. I shall not be satisfied till there is an established, pensionable ghost in every home; till we have built a new Limbo in England's green and pleasant land.

As a private citizen I should have had little hope of ever introducing my National Ghost Scheme to the councils of the great; but I have been fortunate lately in securing the interest and support of Jos Schwimmab, the indefatigable secretary of the National Union of Gesso-men and Barbola Workers, or Nugbaw, as it is more familiarly called. Working under his powerful ægis, and with the assistance of his able lieutenants, Bernie Ribbins and Willy Skifold,

I feel that the scheme is going ahead; that at no distant date we shall be able to nail a fully-formulated Ghost Scheme into the platform of the National Executive.

Carping critics, from the right wing of our movement, and even beyond, have come forward with what they regard as an insuperable objection to the scheme. This is, that there are not enough ghosts to go round; or, to put it more plainly, that the uniform spreadover of available ghostage would not provide unit ghost-cover per accommodation-unit.

To this objection we of Nugbaw have two answers. Firstly, owing to the appalling dearth of social statistics, it is quite impossible to say whether the supply of unit ghosts is, in fact, insufficient. Ghosts, like wealth, have been concentrated in the hands of the privileged few for centuries. In six brief years of progressive government it was possible to ascertain the whereabouts of most of the wealth, and disperse it; but it was hardly possible in that short time to deal with the ghosts as well. When the present reactionary interregnum is over, and we can get down to social surveys in a really big way, it may well be found that millions of virtually unmapped ghosts exist already to satisfy the needs of our industrial population.

Secondly, if it is found that the supply of ghosts is, in fact, inadequate, this by no means vitiates the scheme. The nation's stock of



ghosts is not a static factor; it is not controlled—though it will be—by any Ministerial formula. That stock can be increased by various methods, at present hardly explored. Scientific knowledge in this field is scanty, but the problems of ghost-production must yield in time to a determined attack supported by all the national resources.

More important than ghost-production (or reproduction, whose possibility must not be entirely discounted) may be the upkeep and maintenance of existing ghosts, or *ghost-care*. It is virtually certain that in the present conditions of neglect innumerable ghosts, coming into the world eager to play their part in satisfying social needs, fade into oblivion after a short period of frustrating and unnoticed activity. Indeed, it would be a persevering ghost, and one imbued with a rare sense of dedication to social duty, that would find a true self-realization in haunting, as existing ghosts must, the purposeless remnants of our decadent aristocracy. The mere fact that some ghosts still do so haunt the faded mansions of the rich encourages us to believe that the nation's ghost-supply is a hardy, vigorous stock which, under suitably controlled conditions, will flourish immeasurably. When they are assured of a decent measure of public support, and confident that their futures are, at last, secure, these unhappy and neglected creatures may well feel a sense of renewed life, if life is the word. It may be that they will not only redouble their own activities but will encourage countless semi-retired or dormant ghosts to emerge and

renew that joyful labour of haunting in which ghosts find their true happiness.

For the time being, however, let us assume that ghosts are in short supply. Let us assume that the ratio of unit-ghosts per accommodation-unit—a ratio which, as a tribute to our great leader, I propose to call the *Schwimmbad Factor*—is of the order of '043, or 43 per 1,000 accommodation-units. Preliminary sampling surveys suggest that this figure may not be wildly wrong. This condition of acute ghost-shortage may last a number of years.

What is to be done during this period? It will almost certainly prove impracticable to partition the unit ghost; until further evidence is available we must regard as inviolate the accepted belief that *the basic ghost is indivisible*. The idea of providing each accommodation-unit from the start with its '043 of a unit ghost must, therefore, reluctantly be abandoned.

Clearly, in these circumstances, there might arise all manner of social evils, such as a black market in ghosts, unlicensed ghost-production, etc., which would cause the ideal of equal ghost-distribution to fall rapidly into contempt. It will be, without doubt, a critical time; but we hope to weather it by applying the principle of *ghost-sharing*. This brilliant conception of ghost-sharing, or the *Party-Ghost Plan*, we owe to the fertile brains of Mr. Schwimmbad's two lieutenants. Their idea is to divide the country up, for haunting purposes, into blocks each containing a thousand accommodation-units. To each block will be allocated an

equal number of indivisible standard ghosts. The number of ghosts available at any time for block-haunting will be computed mathematically from the current *Schwimmbad Factor* by applying what is known as the *Ribbins-Skidfold Formula*. It is typical of the brilliant and unexpected simplicity of the whole scheme that a rough estimate of the Block Ghost Number may be obtained by multiplying the *Schwimmbad Factor* by 1,000. The mathematically-minded may, however, be interested in studying the Ribbins-Skidfold formula in full; it is $BGN = 10^S$, where BGN is the Block Ghost Number and S the *Schwimmbad Factor*.

The block-haunting scheme will no doubt have its headaches and teething troubles in the early days. There may be occasions when Mrs. Smith, at 89 Aneurin Avenue, desperately requires, or imagines that she requires, the services of Block Ghost No. 27, who is at that moment doing duty at some social function of Mrs. Jones's, at 56 Clement Court; but these problems should in most instances be capable of solution on the spot by application to the Block Ghost Officer. Such an officer, a trained social worker with a diploma in *ghost-care*, will be attached permanently to each 1,000-block. Where the problem appears too difficult for the Block Ghost Officer to handle on his or her own responsibility, the matter will have to be referred to the Area Ghost Board; and they may, in turn, consult the Regional Ghost Board. There will be five Regional Ghost Boards, located at Holyrood, Harlech, Haworth,



Tintagel and the Tower. Then there is always the possibility of final appeal to the National Ghost Board in Whitehall, in whom all final responsibility for country-wide ghost problems will be vested. By the time all these consultations and appeals have been made it is confidently expected that Mrs. Jones's party will be over and some amicable *modus vivendi* will have been reached between her and Mrs. Smith on their future sharing of Block Ghost No. 27.

How will the Party-Ghost Plan work out in practice? There are, on the year-round average, twelve hours per night of darkness or twilight, during which haunting may be legally carried on. Since each accommodation-unit will have access, in the first place, to the services of '043 of a unit ghost, a simple calculation shows that each household will be haunted for approximately one hour in each twenty-three hauntable hours. To be haunted for only one hour in every two nights may not accord with the ideas of social justice of the average worker or housewife; but it is a great deal better than not being haunted at all.

A heavy responsibility will rest on the Block Ghost Officer in these early days. It will be no light task to keep a rota of forty-three unit ghosts and to allocate them hour by hour

among one thousand households, so that each household feels that it has had its fair share of haunting *at an appropriate time*. Beyond this primary duty the Officer will have to deal with local disputes on the spot; to pass on appeals to Area and Regional Boards; to fill in quantities of forms in triplicate; and to brew tea. He or she must also be constantly alive to the needs of his or her ghosts; under his supervision will be the Block Ghost Store, where ghosts going off duty deposit their chains, heads and other equipment necessary for their tasks. He may, when the scheme is established and working more or less smoothly, be burdened with the additional task of arranging for subsidiary haunting by trolls, elves, hobgoblins, kelpies, leprechauns, wee men, etc., as and when it is found practicable to assimilate these phenomena into the scheme.

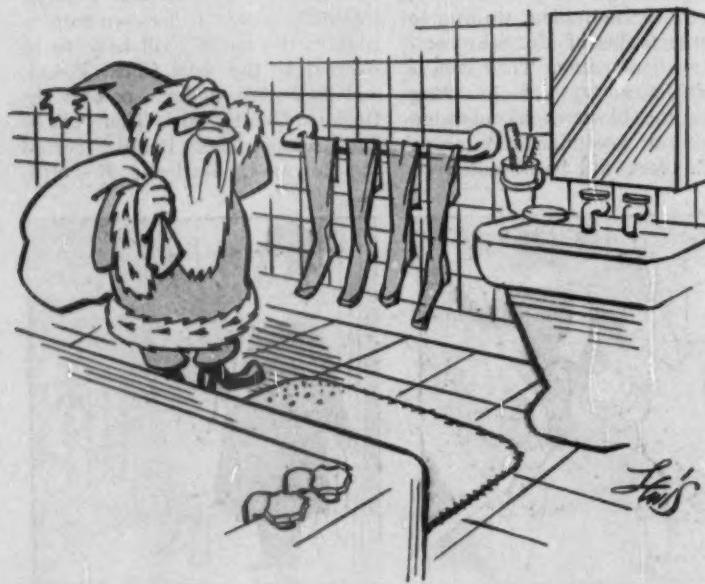
As time goes on, however, the Block Ghost Number will mount steadily, till at last ghost-sharing will be a thing of the past. Each household will have its own unit ghost, provided and cared for by the State; the functions of the Block Ghost Officer will be limited to *ghost-care*, and, of course, to the painless and humane extirpation of surplus ghosts.

We must touch, lightly but

firmly, on the question of the recalcitrant household—the household which, either through ignorance or through a doctrinaire stubbornness, professes itself unwilling to be haunted. In most cases, it is anticipated, this unwillingness will be traceable to the reluctance of the householder to contribute to the National Ghost Fund. It must be made clear from the outset that there can be no exceptions to the scheme. Ghosts will be national property, and any scheme for controlling them must take in the whole of the nation. We do not exempt from a portion of their income tax those who profess a distaste for travelling in trains; nor should we exempt from haunting those who object to sticking stamps to the paltry value of 1s. 5d. a week (initially) on their National Ghost Cards for a service they say they do not require.

It is unlikely that any such back-sliding will be found among the organized wage-earners, whose contributions will in any case be paid in part by their employers, the balance being provided by a nation-wide raising of wage-scales. The opposition will come from the professional and *rentier* classes, and from the backward rural community, who have the unfair advantage of being haunted already. Such opposition will clearly spring from a selfish desire to wreck a scheme devised for the national welfare, and as such may justifiably be overridden.

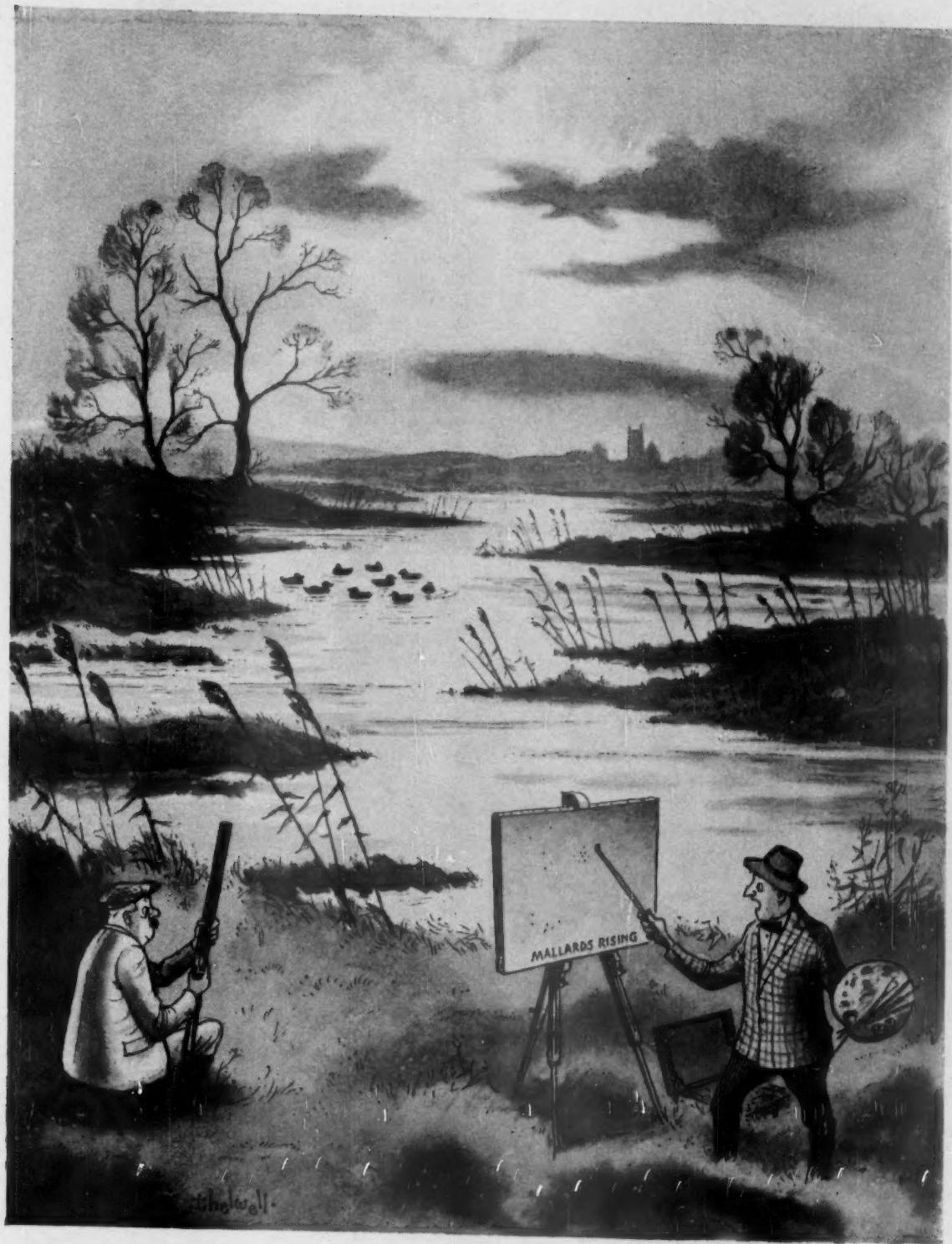
We must give a clear warning, too, that if, in the future, any attempt is made to return publicly-owned ghosts to private hands, appropriation without compensation will be our motto for the next change of government. The ancient privilege of being haunted must, as a matter of social justice, belong for all time not to the moneyed few but to the many.



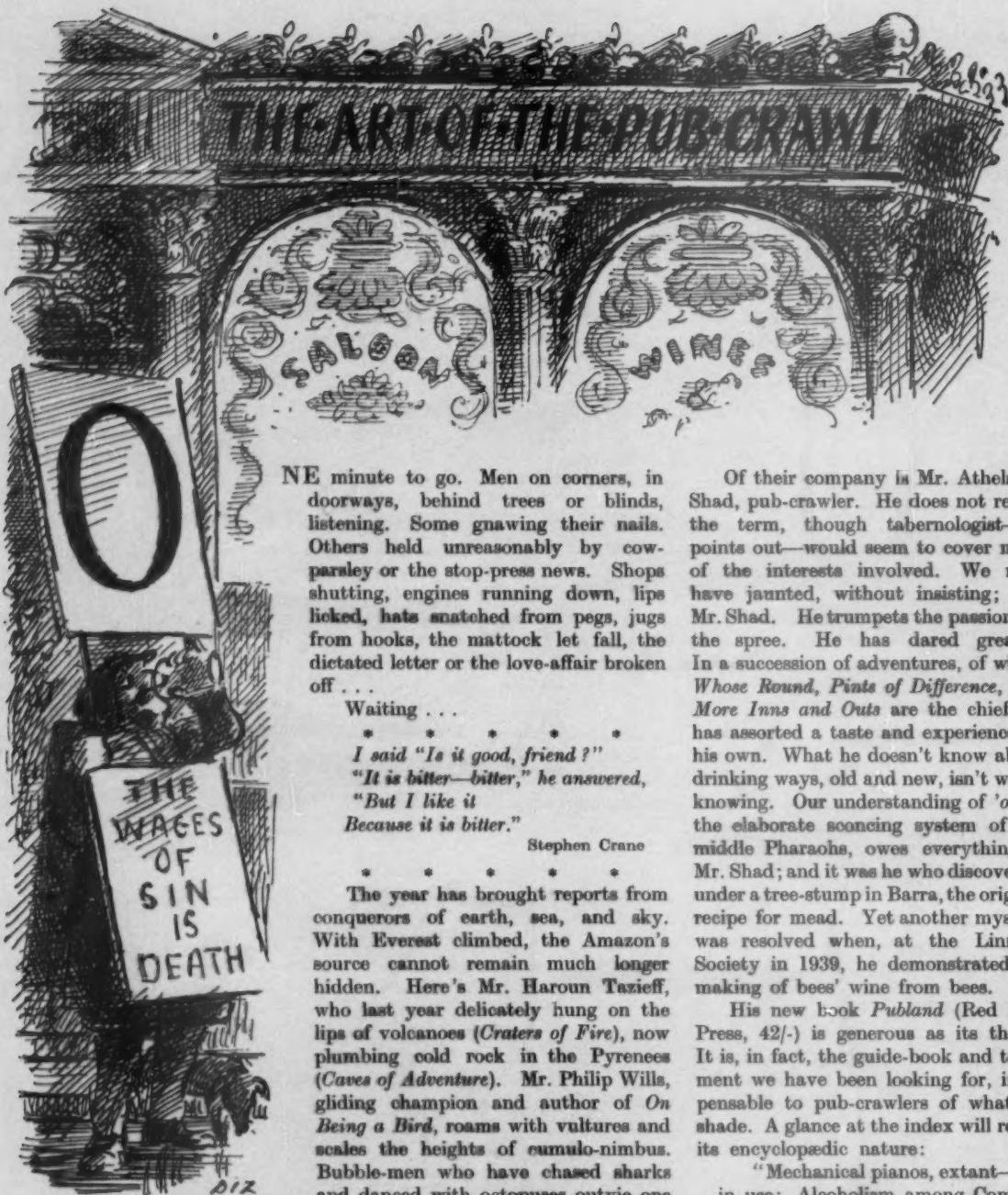
Upon Reflection

NARCESUS early set the pace
For those of us—poor fools—
Who use our precious waking hours
To study form in pools.

E.T.S.



"All right, Charlie! Send them up."



NE minute to go. Men on corners, in doorways, behind trees or blinds, listening. Some gnawing their nails. Others held unreasonably by cow-parsley or the stop-press news. Shops shutting, engines running down, lips licked, hats snatched from pegs, jugs from hooks, the mattock let fall, the dictated letter or the love-affair broken off . . .

Waiting . . .

* * * * *
I said "Is it good, friend?"
"It is bitter—bitter," he answered,
"But I like it
Because it is bitter."

Stephen Crane

* * * * *
 The year has brought reports from conquerors of earth, sea, and sky. With Everest climbed, the Amazon's source cannot remain much longer hidden. Here's Mr. Haroun Tazieff, who last year delicately hung on the lips of volcanoes (*Craters of Fire*), now plumbing cold rock in the Pyrenees (*Caves of Adventure*). Mr. Philip Wills, gliding champion and author of *On Being a Bird*, roams with vultures and scales the heights of cumulo-nimbus. Bubble-men who have chased sharks and danced with octopuses outvie one another like acrobats; others wriggle to the drawing-room.* To say nothing of the steeplejacks, sewer-hunters, parliamentary committee men, nudists, ostrich riders, and Egyptian Channel swimmers, all agog with a new consciousness.

—What's yours? A dog's nose, cold.

* There are—we learn from Mr. Morley Wragge's *Ants* (1953)—houses in Eastbourne where the dreaded Argentine ant is, welcome or not, a guest.

Of their company is Mr. Athelstan Shad, pub-crawler. He does not reject the term, though tabernologist—he points out—would seem to cover more of the interests involved. We may have jaunted, without insisting; not Mr. Shad. He trumpets the passions of the spree. He has dared greatly. In a succession of adventures, of which *Whose Round*, *Pints of Difference*, and *More Inns and Outs* are the chief, he has asserted a taste and experience all his own. What he doesn't know about drinking ways, old and new, isn't worth knowing. Our understanding of 'onk, the elaborate sconcing system of the middle Pharaohs, owes everything to Mr. Shad; and it was he who discovered, under a tree-stump in Barra, the original recipe for mead. Yet another mystery was resolved when, at the Linnean Society in 1939, he demonstrated the making of bees' wine from bees.

His new book *Publand* (Red Lion Press, 42/-) is generous as its theme. It is, in fact, the guide-book and testament we have been looking for, indispensable to pub-crawlers of whatever shade. A glance at the index will reveal its encyclopaedic nature:

“Mechanical pianos, extant—still in use; Alcoholism among Commissioners of Oaths (figures since 1817); Zymurgy, whither now; Tankard, collapsible, for hat; Camels, extraordinary effect of cider on; Libation rites in Rotherhithe; Pubs, aerial—v. Sky Platform; Sipping, disastrous consequences of; and Fields, W.C., a revaluation, with some unpublished bouts.”





"Such a pity the visiting bellringers can't be at the party . . ."

—Thick again, look at it!—End of the barrel.—Yesterday, it was the new barrel: who gets the middle?

* * * * *

It is some years since Mr. Shad let his cat out of the bag. This was, of course, the bicycle. To many, for whom the Pub Crawl always had been and always would be a Crawl, to be undertaken ceremoniously on foot, it seemed outlandish, an anomaly, a deliberate flouting of tradition.

Why a bicycle? Siphons squirted, mugs were topped up. The war came. "This will put an end to his tricks," they said. But did it? His runs between Greenwich and Harlesden brought him fame. "Will Shad come through?" it was asked, with the bombs dropping round; and always he did.

Of course, pubs weren't pleasant places in those days, especially corner ones.

* * * * *

Why a bicycle? Because, explained Mr. Shad, you can fall off.

His case against the old style of Crawl—set out here at length—is that it is a contradiction in terms. Alcohol transports and should give sinew to imagination and action. The pedestrian, notoriously unable to pass a lighted doorway, goes far too slow, gets nowhere, and ends, hopelessly fuddled, in the street where he started. A horse might help, but will certainly fall into bad habits, such as taking his master home, insensible. The horse—according to Mr. Shad—leads directly to excess. And not much better is the tricycle, neither satisfying with its speed nor unmistakably rejecting an unworthy rider.

Only the bicycle goes fast, flatters no one, is mobile and sensitive, and—an important stage in Mr. Shad's argument—exacts just the right degree of effort to counteract drift.

The secret, he reveals, is not to tarry long, thus imbibing the insidious poison of others' drinks*, and to match intake with exercise. This, perhaps, has been the

* Is it generally known that cirrhosis of the liver is an occupational disease of waiters, who acquire it not by drinking but from fumes inhaled in the course of their duties? (For a discussion of this, see the *New Survey of London Life and Labour*, 1939.)

aim of the peripatetic bacchant in all ages, the quest after that happy equilibrium in which he shall have taken gloriously enough, and not a drop over; but how difficult, even impossible, to perpetuate such a balance! Euphoria is for the moment his, yet even as he has it, it vanishes. The grasp at enjoyment is its own undoing; and once lost, never recovered.

By following a few simple rules* the required balance may be preserved over considerable periods of time, as Mr. Shad has himself demonstrated.

* * * * *

He has been everywhere and seen everything—including a mirage of the Eiffel Tower on the Brighton Road—but to London he returns again and again. The twinkle of lights in the fog, the saloon bar empty except for two borough councillors under a palm tree, draw him irresistibly. Dawn in a beer-house at Covent Garden; unruffled summer in the Tavern at Lord's, with only the faint chink of ice on glass to disturb the afternoon; the sad singers at Collins's or the Metropolitan seen, but not heard, from a side-long bar; Christmas with its fairy-lights and merry little attaché-cases and paper-chains; sherry and *The Times* in Holborn, frescoes and alfrescos at Islington; the first day of Burton; shag smoke at Dirty Dick's rising under the crocodile; that landlord in Hampstead who, after the doors had closed, would fling all dirty glasses down the cellar steps, whence they would be collected at the end of the week; nights under the stars, in a wheelbarrow: such memories cannot but moisten the eye, and bring a quick swallow.

* * * * *

The second-hand comes full circle. Across streets, over greens and valleys, can be heard the shuffle, the shooting of bolts.

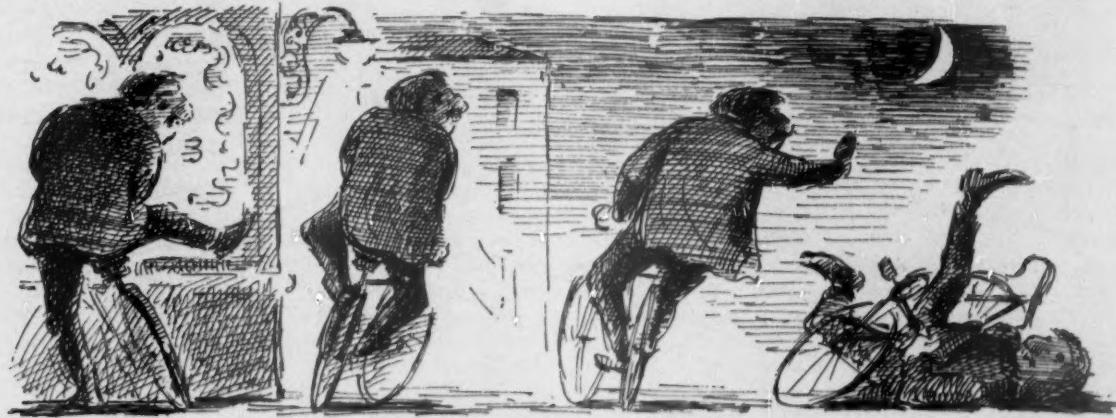
A million men wait, take a step forward.

They're open! Half-past five! We're off!

The adventure—the quest of a new consciousness—starts.

G. W. STONIER

* Intake and exercise. Two miles per pint, or sixteen miles to the gallon, will offer a fair working average, though the figures are only approximate, depending on the individual and on circumstances; a heat-wave may reduce the m.p.g. to ten, and cool wet weather extend it to forty or fifty.



The National Christmas Scheme

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

WHEN that I sell and a little tiny toy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 The salesmanship that I employ,
 For the rain it raineth every day,

 Is apt to be extremely queer
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 For Christmas comes but once a year
 But the rain it raineth every day.

 And since I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
 I never have granted a rebate,
 For the rain it raineth every day
 (Benedicamus Domino.)
Song of the Christmas Toy-Sellers
(Traditional)

Christmas differs from other Bank Holidays in that there is a custom by

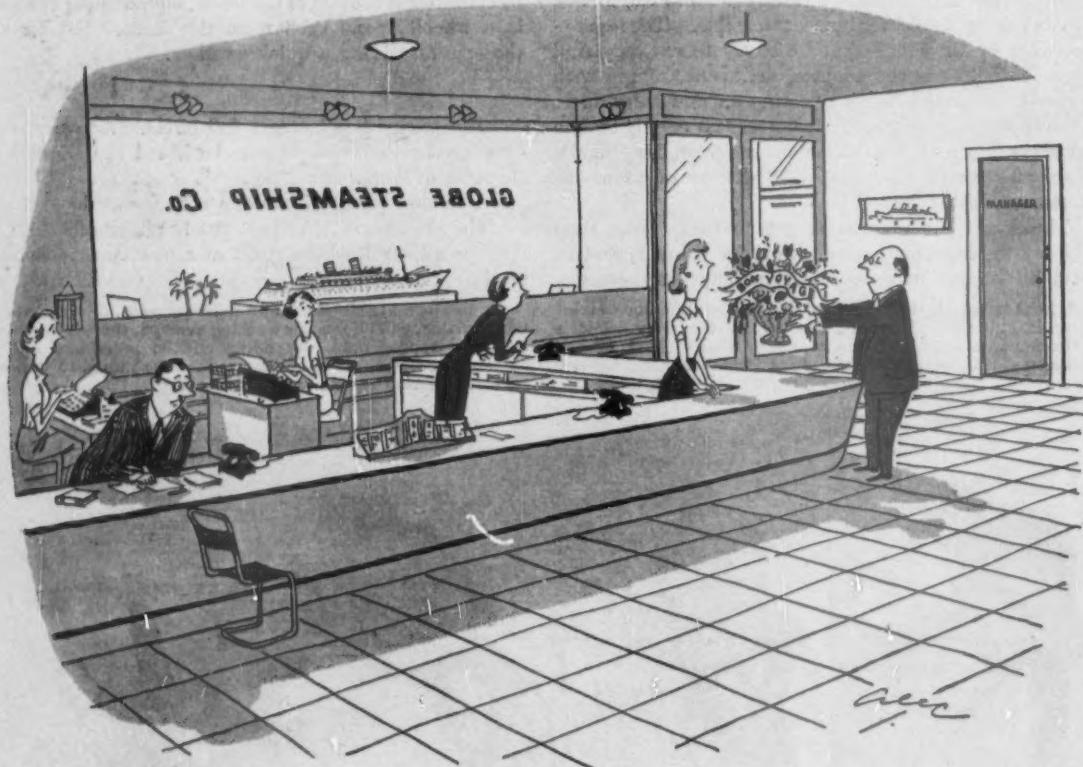
which people give one another presents on that day. The historical origin of this custom is uncertain, by now largely forgotten and at any rate unimportant. But, since it is the policy of the Government to maintain full employment, the custom must certainly be continued. It is obvious that if all Christmas presents were suddenly to be abolished there would be serious unemployment among shop-walkers, the makers of balloons and other gainfully occupied workers.

Even as it is, when there is snow on the ground on Christmas Day the result, as statistics have clearly shown, is a decisive rise in unemployment among the manufacturers of cotton wool.

At the same time it is impossible for any believer in social justice to be satisfied with the present anarchical, unplanned arrangement by which

the Bank Holiday is celebrated. Individual citizens give presents to other individual citizens out of mere whim or for reasons that are even more discreditable—such as that there is, or is alleged to be, some blood relationship between donor and recipient. There is no social integration in the present celebration, and under the capitalist régime it most often happens that those who are best off get the most presents and the under-privileged get the least. It is the very antithesis of the policy of fair shares for all.

It is clear that if Christmas presents are to continue the whole system of their distribution must be radically reviewed. A Commission has been set up under the chairmanship of Lord Trombone to consider the details of this review and to make recommendations to the Government. The distribution of



"I'm sorry, Miss Robins, but your services are no longer required."

presents can no longer be left in the hands of private enterprise. The giving or the reception of presents by individuals must be strictly forbidden and sternly punished as the anti-social enterprises that they are. It is idle for reactionaries to prate about freedom. Freedom for whom, indeed? Freedom for the rich who are only anxious to use that freedom to exploit their more unfortunate fellow citizens. "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs" is our motto.

The whole distribution of Christmas presents should be entrusted to a Producers' and Distributors' Co-operative, on the model of the Milk Marketing Board. Consumers could be adequately protected by the appointment of a representative, or two representatives, to look after their interests. (Lord Lampost and Lord Snapdragon are two names which naturally occur to mind as suitable representatives of the Consumer.) The whole organization should be presided over by an Under-Secretary, the Minister for Christmas, who would be for general policy subordinate to the President of the Board of Trade, but for matters of *ad hoc* day-to-day administration would, of course, be answerable to the Lord President of the Council.

It would be the duty of this organization to devise a suitable form of compulsory levy, by which so much a week was contributed to the Christmas fund by the State, the employer and the employee. Any voluntary collections that had already been made by private bodies, operating under the name of Slate Clubs and other such ridiculous titles, would, of course, be confiscated and paid into the Central Consumers' Fund under the administration of Lord Snapdragon. It would then be the duty of the Minister for Christmas, acting with and by the advice of the Producers', Consumers' and Distributors' representatives and through the appointed sub-commissioners in each county borough and rural district, to select for each citizen an appropriate gift of such value as the finances of the Fund might appear to indicate.

It should be the object of policy to make the Fund both



self-supporting and self-liquidating. Each citizen would receive notice of his or her selected gift not later than the Fifth of November. If he or she wished to appeal against the gift, notice of appeal would have to be lodged not later than the First of December. But in fact, of course, it would make no difference whether there was an appeal or not. He would have to receive his gift in any event. Exceptions could not be permitted. If exceptions were allowed to creep in the whole scheme would become administratively complicated and quite unworkable. It would be the duty of every citizen to present himself at his local police station between

eight and nine o'clock on Christmas morning to collect his gift. Some nominal penalty would have to be imposed on those who failed to fulfil this social obligation—say, twenty-eight days' imprisonment or a fine not exceeding £20.

The only objection that we have received to this plan is from the Archbishop of Wigan, who points out that some citizens may be in church on Christmas morning and therefore unable to present themselves at the police station. But we do not think that any very serious attention need be paid to this objection. In social planning one cannot have regard to every sort of individual eccentricity.



"How soon could we get delivery? We're planning a real old-fashioned Christmas this year."

Untimely Time

WHY is it that the most wonderful people are for the
most part dead?
It seems such a senseless waste of them, and a waste
of time for me
To fall in love with history, or poets whose works are read
As opuses for triposes, with the aid of cups of tea.
It seems such a curious quirk of fate that heroes like
Nelson and Blake
Should become no more than a chapter or two in a
naval history book:
Or Byron, the strange, brooding man of desires, fade into
the shade of a rake:
And a poet who knew breezes dusk and shiver be now
but a babbling brook:

And Shelley, transient as mist on marsh and sped by
Ariel's wings,
Be analyzed with pedantry in theses on free love.
I ponder often and wonder often and puzzle over these
things;
Such as why a flame should blaze and die while worms
are slow to move;
And why the great of yesterday blow as dust on the
winds of to-day;
And who ordained time and invented the hours,
Or arranged in an arbitrary way
That I should be born in the age that is ours
And in ironic mood sent me life too late
To meet the ones I crave to meet; the Annotated Great.

EVELYN ROCHE

Why Not Make This Christmas Ultrasonic?

BY ROY HERBERT

REVOLUTIONARY AID ADDS NEW DIMENSION TO CHRISTMAS IN THE HOME

FOR some time past scientists have been using the magical properties of ultrasonic sound waves for important industrial jobs such as mixing hot chocolate to improve standards of smoothness and wrappability round ice cream, or packing mustard tight in the tin so that there is no annoying air space round the particles. Now, straight from the laboratory, "SIVOX" offers you the advantages of silent sound right in your home! Think—an electronic slave on your hearth-rug this Christmas! For that is what "SIVOX" literally means. With a "SIVOX" Silent Sound Producer, this Christmas will be different from any you have had before. Banish drudgery this festive season! Do away with chapped and cracked hands, laugh at dirty table-cloths! Enjoy your leisure hours while "SIVOX" cracks the nuts!

Previously you have had to make do with old-fashioned audible sound. All this could be used for was conversation, music and the like. "SIVOX" silent sound, the modern sound, goes further than that. It can work for you, the whole day long, easily, noiselessly. "SIVOX" cuts out many of the domestic jobs that make women haggard, tired and restless wrecks and ruin 76 per cent of Christmases in this country alone. This is not all. "SIVOX" is also a source of entertainment and will amuse the children for hours.

(The information which follows may appear to be technical and difficult to understand. The makers of "SIVOX", however, are confident that it will be worth while to make a special effort to grasp the principles of silent sound clearly described. Only when these basic principles are firmly established in your mind will you be able to get the best out of your "SIVOX" Silent Sound Producer, the modern miracle of acoustical science.)

WARNING. Do not switch on until you have read these notes carefully.

* * * * *

What is silent sound? Silent sound is no new thing in itself. Joshua used ultrasonics to blow down the walls of Jericho, although he was not aware of it. You may have seen dog whistles which emit no sound when blown. This is because the sound emitted when blown is beyond the range of the human ear but not beyond the range of a dog's ear, which can hear it. Therefore, the whistle would not attract a human being but is an arresting noise to a dog. This has been proved scientifically by many experiments with dog's ears, real and artificial. Sound which is beyond the range of the human ear is called "ultrasonic" by scientists. This is the kind of sound which "SIVOX" produces.

Silent sound is produced by the high frequency oscillations of a quartz crystal (the piezo-electric effect).

The effect was discovered in 1880 and remained for decades without practical application. Its first use was in the first world war when it was used to detect underwater objects, these objects being important at the time. The quartz crystal is a hexagonal prism terminated at each end by *apparent* hexagonal pyramids which, if you look carefully at the crystal, will be seen to be, in fact, a pair of complementary rhombohedra. This is the test of a true quartz crystal and will enable you to detect sub-standard or spurious quartz crystals when buying spare parts. (Always ask for "SIVOX" quartz crystals by name.)

It is obvious from this that the symmetry about the axis joining the vertices of the pyramids is not hexagonal, but *trigonal*. This is the important point (Factor H) of "SIVOX". When an ordinary electric current is passed through the crystal it expands and contracts three ways at once, thus producing silent sound.

If you have read the above carefully and understood it, you are now equipped to use "SIVOX" to its fullest advantage.

The equipment is simplicity itself. On the top of the "SIVOX" is a bowl-shaped metal attachment, completely adjustable to any position. On the escutcheon is a dial with a knob control for the pointer and an on-off switch. Also with the equipment, but separate from it, is a polyvinyl chloride box, with one side removed.



CHRISTMAS WITH YOUR "SIVOX"

"SIVOX" is particularly useful at the festive season. Some of the things it will do are now described.

Indoor or outdoor snow. With "SIVOX" you can have snow when and where you want it. No more waiting for Dame Nature's whims! Turn the dial to 2·5. Throw up into the air a teaspoonful of the white powder in the packet marked "Long chain polymerized methyl acrylate." Switch on. Immediately the methyl acrylate will expand to the size of an average snowflake and fall gently for up to half an hour. The contents of one packet are sufficient to cover an ordinary tennis court with a drift eight feet thick. Carefully used they will be enough for you to keep snow falling throughout the holiday. The snow will not melt and will not cohere to form snowballs. It can easily be disposed of in cart-loads when the guests have gone.

Mixing and cooking the Christmas pudding.

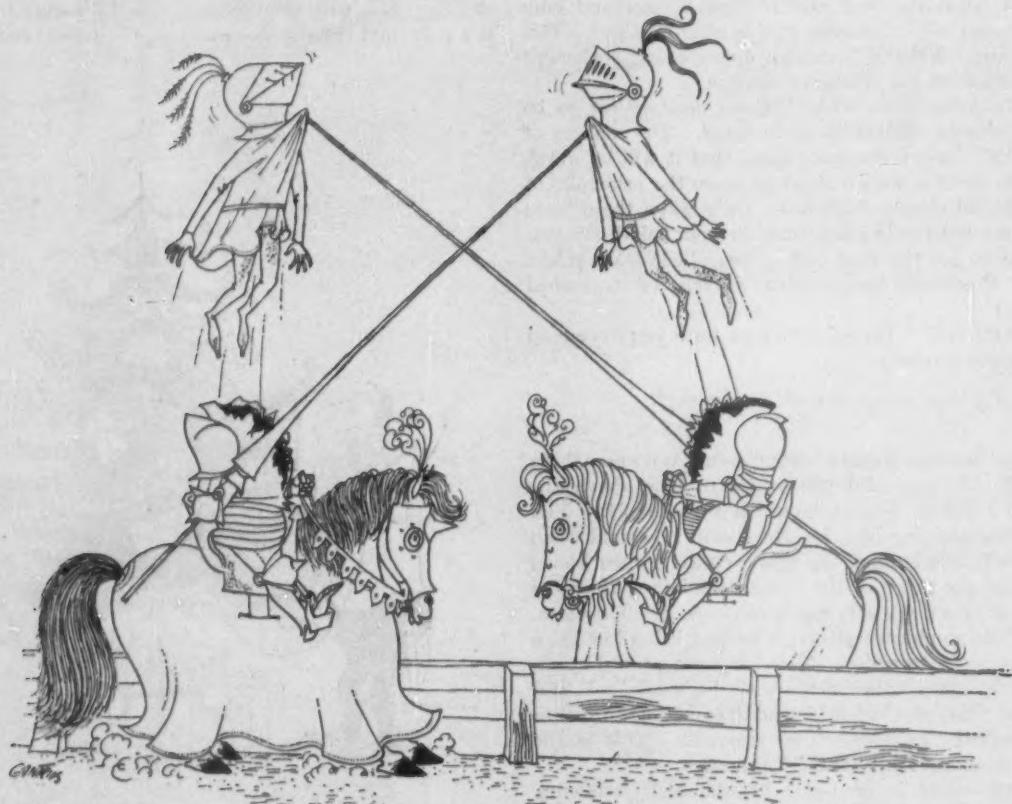
"SIVOX" revolutionizes this task. No more wrist aches! No more unbalanced puddings with all the raisins on one side. Simply place the ingredients in a mixing bowl (except orange peel) in the polyvinyl chloride box. Turn control to 3·2. Switch on. In ten seconds the pudding will be mixed, the ingredients being distributed uniformly over the whole pudding area. Now turn the control to 9·8. The pudding will be cooked from the inside out in five minutes! Your guests

will ask how you do it as they pass their plates for a second helping of this new taste sensation!

Neutralizing stomach acid. Many Christmases are ruined by indigestion. "SIVOX" banishes this bogey once and for all. After you have eaten your fill, place the polyvinyl box, *open end outwards*, on the abdomen. Adjust the metal bowl until it points directly in. Turn the control to 6·0. Switch on. In ten minutes the silent sound waves have done their soothing work, seeking out the corners where acid lurks and gently neutralizing it. After this treatment the contents of your stomach could not harm the most delicate carpet!

Ageing whisky. We should all like to give our guests the best this Christmas, but modern prices put this out of the reach of most of us. Now you can make ordinary whisky into the equivalent of the finest liqueur that Scotland makes! Watch the delighted smiles of your guests as they taste the "SIVOX" irradiated Scotch! Place your bottles in the polyvinyl chloride box. Turn the control to 6·4. Switch on. Half an hour afterwards you are the proud possessor of bottles of a whisky that is good enough for the gods! Silent sound waves have aged it so that connoisseurs will think they are sampling whisky that is twenty years old!

Removing stains. Many a housewife's Christmas has been ruined by thoughts of the washing drudgery after the festivities. Now she can laugh and sing with everyone





"You were doing a steady thirty-five all along the Front, sir."
"Well—I had a following wind."

else. Place all stained linen in a bowl filled with tepid water. Turn control to 4·8. Adjust metal bowl until it points to centre of laundry. Switch on. Watch the amazing silent sound waves shake the dirt out! A full sized family wash can be done in half an hour!

Laying ghosts. Although some enjoy them, most people are not enthusiastic about ghosts. If you are troubled by one of these irritating manifestations, simply turn the control to 12·3 and switch on. Any normal ghost will be disintegrated in a flash. No intangible spectre can stand up to inaudible sound!

Many other uses can be found for your "SIVOX". The above are merely *some* suggested uses. You can have endless fun experimenting with the control set at various points. Silent sound will call all the dogs in the neighbourhood, causing roars of laughter. Silent sound will scare birds away from any area. It will remove ash from cigars and cigarettes without the smoker being aware of the agency! Wearing apparel can be made to shake while on the wearer!

"SIVOX" can be used at other times than Christmas. Larger models are available which will vibrate concrete and cut down trees. Send for a complete list. AC/DC models at little extra cost. Special finishes to order.

MAKE YOURS A SOUND CHRISTMAS! GIVE
"SIVOX" THIS YEAR!

Arena at Arles

TARTARIN DE TARASCON in all the bookshops,
Prints by Van Gogh, Provençal cottons and garlic,
And Daudet strings it together, fetching
Back the past as easily as his donkey,
The sails of his mill stiff against child's blue,
L'Arlésienne and the bridge painted from straw
Pigment, a half-remembered Chinese etching.

The voice returns, droning *Next, next, translate*
A passage, Vansittart, Ross, politely, *Would it bore you?*
While all the time summer was cramming our nostrils—
Cut-grass, roses, a cricket match going on
Somewhere, far away as our minds
Never much occupied with Daudet and his mill,
But rehearsing desire, conjugating the blank horizon.

Now that afternoon and this gently spill
Two decades together, men repairing the arena
For the Sunday *corrida*, bells ringing out sunset
From St. Trophime—or is it the bell
For evening chapel, prep, the long dream?
But the blank has been scrawled on, graffiti
On the heart scarred like this scorched stone,
Over which clouds now drift from the Camargue,
Bearers of storm, a Past in which we move alone.

ALAN ROSS



"Looks as if the old man has a hangover this morning."

Cupid in the Constablewick

BY ALUN LLEWELLYN

THIS book was published in 1806: *The Parish Officer's Complete Guide*. The Compiler, John Paul, Esq., prefaces it with the opinion that it will be "not only a complete, but a practical guide to officers, whether constables or otherwise, under every predicament to which they can possibly be liable." But from examination of the pages something emerges which suggests that the learned Mr. Paul did not know everything.

The book was published in Holborn, London. It was bought and used in a remote district of West Wales, in the village of Eglwys Fach and the parish of Ysgubor y Coed, set between the high top of Plinlimmon and the low shore of Cardigan Bay. David Jones bought the book and the reason is plain. The pages from 126 to 176 containing the Duties of a Constable lie flat and have their corners dogs-eared to mark important paragraphs.

Some of the earlier scribblings show a mind respectful of duty but inquiring. Eglwys Fach would be on the ancient turnpike road. And so important a thoroughfare would bring important issues into David's "Vill or Constablewick." Arrest (from the French *arrêter*) is noted as being a grave matter though the situation is clear enough "where a person is seen issuing from a house where a murder has been committed with a bloody knife in his hand." Affray (from the French *effrayer*) is a tougher proposition altogether. But the notes on this may belong to a later period in the history.

For there is an unconstabulary entry on page 137 between Tipplers and Members of Parliament: "David Jones, late of Tirbach and now of Lower Benlan, and Mary Jinkins, late of Warm-Wood Farm. In love. Abide till death. Feb. the 28th, 1808." It is a solemn record yet somehow pleasing in its assurance that even in the affairs of the heart a constable knew his duty. Neither he nor Mary were Passing Vagrants; they had a place of Origin and a place of Settlement and their engagement was no casual thing.

But a new note supervenes. Several, in fact; for David Jones is writing music, writing it in the margins of his book. Even the fair text is invaded by the vaulting arpeggios and the lines of law are interspersed with verses. They are words and music of his own composition. Perhaps Mary did not care for long hours spent in turning the pages of this Manual of Constablewifery, even in preparation for Constablewifery. She must have demanded some other reading which David was happy to provide. Foolishly happy, alas. For another and female hand appears writing a new name. A quill, not held in David's orderly fingers, repeats in a scroll of hearts and a staggering excited flourish the adored name: "Evan." Evan Pryse, as it elsewhere turns out.

Evan? David Jones's last composition, itself showing signs of agitation, has the words: "To be together is delight. But beware of him with the cloven tongue and the cloven hoof." There is added a significant comment: "10 p.m."

The serpent has entered upon the idyll of Ysgubor y Coed. One Evan Pryse, the thought of whom made David study his duties with a new and sterner eye. Evan must have been a seaman such as would touch in from distant voyages at the port a little way north. A reiving drawlatch of a man, loud with alien oaths. For the name Evan Pryse appears as a sort of leading case annotated against such entries as: "Profane Swearing. If a day-labourer, common soldier or common seaman, 1 shilling . . . If such seaman shall not pay the penalty, he shall be ordered to be publicly set in the stocks for one hour . . ." And court-martialled, too; see page 166. Have at thee, Evan Pryse!

Yes, Evan was a mariner. And we can imagine the stage set for the climax—we have all the materials handy. The constable, keeping watch by night as distinct from ward by day, for it is surely 10 p.m., meets the Mariner, new-come from haunting the seas and now haunting Mary Jinkins. Perhaps the mariner is fresh from an alehouse, for the air is filled with hot words and contumely from him.

"Have a care," says David. "You seem to threaten an Affray from the French *effrayer*. And I warn you, although I as Petty Constable may myself be a sufferer from the same and may be supposed partial in my own cause, yet I may not only defend myself but have good damages. Page 134 in my book."

"A fico for your book," sneers Evan the Mariner.





*"Had a wonderful view of
the Cup Final last night."*

"I would arrest you now as a breacher of the peace in my view," said David, "and imprison you in my own house, the stocks not being handy, if Mary were not likely to come there."

"A murrain on your stocks!" growls the Mariner.

"No Profane Swearing," David advises him. "Nor Tippling in an Alehouse. No Stealing of Lead, let alone the swinging of it. And above all, no Night Walking with your tapping on Mary's window. Or I shall arrest you, from the French *arrêter*, twenty-one Jacobus Primus caput seven section five. Which is to show you have no advantage in vocabularies over me." With which he removes himself at a high constabulary pace and leaves the Mariner caught short in stays.

But Mary's heart was set for sea. From the book a number of the bottom margins have been cut. Had she been sending surreptitious messages to Evan? Internal evidence seems to make the sad conclusion certain.

"Fly with me," whispered Evan. "And I will win you kingdoms greater than any Vill or Constablewick."

"But," hesitated the faithless Mary Jinkins, "he will come after us with Hue and Cry and Posse Comitatus and Suit on Common Fame!"

"I have it," breathed Evan. "Take his book with you. For without that he will know nothing and be powerless. Like that Prospero of whom my old mate Trinculo told me on make-and-mend in the doldrums of the Sargasso Sea."

So it was done. David Jones was left without his love, without his book. Perhaps without his Constablewick, for he could have had little heart left for anything. In the years that follow, other hands have scrawled the pages, childish hands and signatures. A William, a Mary, even (with little tact) a David Pryse.

But that is not all. The last Pryse, John, of tender years, inscribed his name proudly in 1842. From that faded century comes a picture of children playing at constables in the turnpike road, empty now that the railway has thrust its arm across the country. There is a sudden Hue and Cry, an Affray in tears and dust, an Asportation more or less Felonious as you choose to judge it. Then—an old wrong righted and an ancient feud played out.

In pencil against the name of every Pryse there is imprinted a bold "No!" And across the title-page in uneven and panting triumph the words: "Now this book has come to me. And my name is in it now. And now it is mine. Signed, Davit Jjones, 1842."

The constable was avenged. And by another David, too young to spell his name correctly. A grandson, if I know my Joneses.

6 6

Parallel Lives

COMPARING Greek and Roman V.I.P.s.

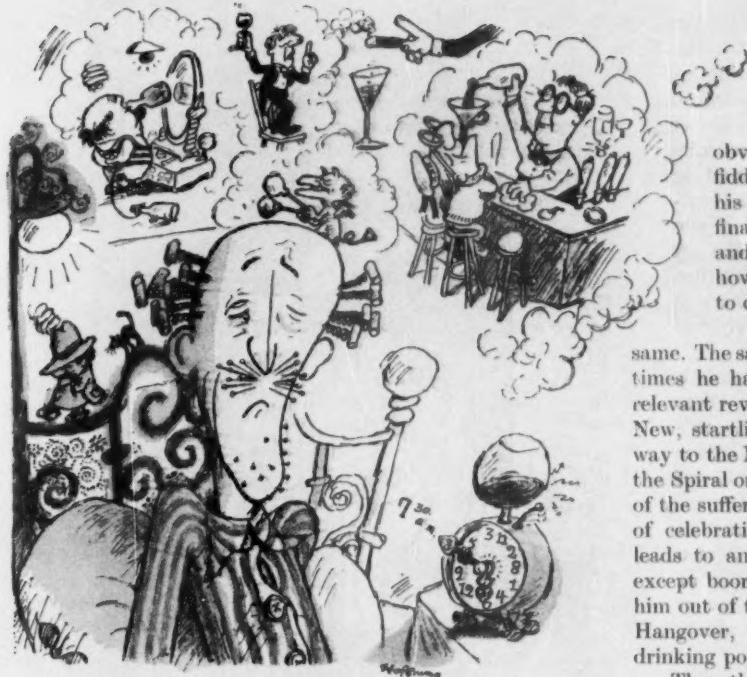
Plutarch wrote books (which nobody now readeth Except unfortunate examinees).

One might pursue this fascinating hobby By focusing on two of England's famous: Viz., Summerskill and Sitwell, Drs. Edith.

One, interviewing callers in the Lobby,
Avows herself a total ignoramus
On the distinction between marge and butter.
Constituents who have the nerve to mutter
Dissident comments threatening rebellion
Have found themselves received a trifle clammily.

The other's verse is frankly unbehoden
To adjectival or chromatic triteness:
Abraham-bearded Suns eclipse in brightness
Goddesses (Corn) with golden-lidded eyes,
While amber dust is bashed—one hopes—about
By mauve or green or guinea-fowl-plumaged rain.
Whatever else her pen, its nib is golden,
Eliciting the not-so-wild surmise
That it has never had the slightest doubt
About the auric richness of the vein
Mined by the Muses of its owner's family—
The utter dross of what is not Sitwellian.

D. A. WILKINSON



AT this period of the New Elizabethan Age it may perhaps be stated without offence that Englishmen have started one or two things that later became important on a world basis (lovely new expression, copyright). Captain Marryat and the International Code, Baird and Teleorama (copyright too) spring to the mind. So may I shyly mention a project on which I have pondered for many years—the National Hangover Museum?

The fiercer sort of teetotaller used to exhibit the livers of deceased clubmen in bottles to the young. I do not know if it had much educative effect; probably not, for even the liver of a pure but over-eating teetotaller is not a very edifying spectacle. In any case, their object was anti-social, to discourage the drinking of wine. The purpose of the N.H.M. will be two-fold (each fold pro-social): (1) to encourage moderate and civilized drinking, not by frightening but warning the folk, (2) to assemble and collate in scientific fashion a mass of information which hitherto has been shamefully neglected, even by the doctors, even by that great Peeping-Tom, Dr. Kinsey.

It is a pretty solemn thought that if your doctor was a life-teetotaller it would be almost impossible to make him understand what a hangover felt like. (Every doctor, by the way, should be compelled by law to have one now and then, teetotal or not, to keep him in touch with modern trends. Chemists are all right: chemists, I have often felt, must have been very wild boys at some time or other; they have such wonderful understanding and compassion.)

I am not thinking of such crude symptoms as aching heads, mutinous stomachs or imperfect vision. A man may have almost a classic hangover without any of those. He may feel in all obvious and ordinary particulars as fit as a fiddle; he may look as fit as a double-bass. But his whole frame is pervaded by a subtle, indefinable unease. He feels at once lighter than air, and heavier than lead; he feels . . . But exactly how he feels it will be the purpose of the Trustees to discover and proclaim.

It is not even certain that all sufferers feel the same. The same man does not always feel the same. Sometimes he has a headache, sometimes not—though the relevant revels, to his recollection, ran a parallel course. New, startling, and beneficial facts may well find their way to the Museum. There is the important question of the Spiral or Multiple Hangover, where, through no fault of the sufferer's, two or three public dinners or occasions of celebration come cruelly close together, one thing leads to another, and practically no power on earth, except boorish abstinence, or a Turkish Bath, can pull him out of the spin. This, as a rule, leads to the Classic Hangover, where all the symptoms known to the drinking population are fiendishly assembled.

Then there is the mysterious Unmerited Hangover, where the sufferer, after reasonable refreshment, goes to bed with a clear conscience but wakes in torment. One school of thought relates this misfortune to the Unturned Bottle. Most of us were taught in our youth that a newly-opened bottle of whisky should be turned upside-down and shaken slightly: for, if it has been standing long, some deleterious element masses at the top and the first man to be served, they say, gets a damaging dose of whatever it is. There may or may not be substance in this doctrine. If there is, it should be more widely known. Many a sufferer has complained to me that he owes his condition to the haste, negligence, or ignorance of some host or barman. Is this a mere excuse? Then

there is the Hangover Manqué, where a man knows that he has had too much and expects to suffer in the morning, but wakes, to his astonishment, offensively like a lark or stringed instrument. These exhibits are equally mysterious but rarer.

There is the question of precautions and remedies. Is it, or is it not, a good thing to drink some (a) milk or (b) salad oil before going to a regimental reunion? What, if anything, can usefully be taken before the totter into bed? Do any of the chemists' little doses do the smallest good; and are some of them, as alleged, mildly intoxicating, thus leading the sufferer into a Spiral? The question of age is important. Does an elderly man's hangover come easier and stay longer than when he was young? Can you have "a good head" for ever.

Then there is environment. Some men can drink steadily all the evening in the home or the local and feel no evil; but after two drinks at a "party" they are

practically raving. Is it true, as some say, that smoking, and a hot, smoky, room, loud conversation, or uncongenial company can do as much mischief as drinking, or more? Speeches, it is well known, are a powerful ingredient of many a hangover. The after-dinner speaker "nerves himself" before the ordeal, and consoles himself when it is over. The audience, driven mad by the dullness of the speeches, rush out and drink themselves into forgetfulness. Does it really matter if you "mix your drinks"—if so, which, and how much? A "Harley Street doctor" wrote in one of the papers that "mixing" is nothing, the only thing that matters is "the total amount of alcohol consumed." Was he right—or are fifty million Britons wrong? Who knows?

The Trustees of the Museum, as soon as appointed, will prepare a model Hangover Chart. Sets of these will be sent to all Friends of the Museum who will undertake to send in a completed chart whenever their condition demands or justifies it. The best of these will be exhibited on the walls of the Museum for the instruction of the people. The Trustees, it is hoped, will keep in close touch with the National Hangover Museums of New York, Paris, and other capitals: and a School of Comparative Hangovers, to be provided by Unesco, would be the ultimate aim and peak of the whole affair. The Chart will be something like this:

HANGOVER CHART

Name Address
Date

In what class do you put hangover reported:

- Normal
- Exceptional
- Frightful
- Classic
- Spiral (or Multiple)
- Unmerited
- Manqué

(Strike out some of these, if you can.)

Excuse: (Big Success, Big Disappointment, Family Gathering, etc.).....
When did Intake begin?.....
When did Intake end?.....
Was Intake continuous?..... If not, indicate any intervals—with approximate duration.....
State nature of Intake—i.e. any particular liquids intook, with approximate amounts.....
Do you call this "mixing"?..... And do you care?.....
Any precautions beforehand, e.g. milk, olive oil, paraffin, total abstinence?.....
Did you make any speeches?.....
Did you hear any speeches?.....
How much did you smoke?.....
Can you honestly attribute your condition to smoky atmosphere, failure to capsize whisky bottle, cigar-ash dropped in wineglass, or other external circumstance or evil chance?.....
At climax of Intake, describe demeanour and behaviour—e.g. quarrelsome, dogmatic, moody, morose, merry, inclined to sing, pugilistic, tottering, grandiose, sentimental, amorous, misanthropic, anecdotal, stuttering, political, patriotic, etc.....
How did you get home?.....



"Chemists have wonderful understanding and compassion . . ."

Any remedies before bed?.....

HOW DID YOU FEEL THIS MORNING?.....

(Note: Avoid vague, unhelpful expressions such as "Like Hell." Full details, please—no shyness: e.g. how did you react to conversation, loud noises, children's merry prattle, etc., at breakfast time?)

If you took any telephone numbers last night, did they mean anything to you this morning?.....

Any good resolutions?.....

Any Intake to-day?.....

How Do You Feel Now?.....

GIVE DATE AND TIME

(See Note above).

Any remedies?..... and what effect?.....

Turkish Bath?.....

Did you creep into one of those chemists?.....

Any good?.....

Do you feel that the whole thing is jolly bad luck, considering that you never wanted to go to the party anyhow, and you only went to please your wife, your children, your boss, your brother-in-law, your old school-friends, your old regiment, the secretary of that blasted club (*strike out some of these, and insert others, if you please*), thinking you were doing a kind action?.....

Thank you.

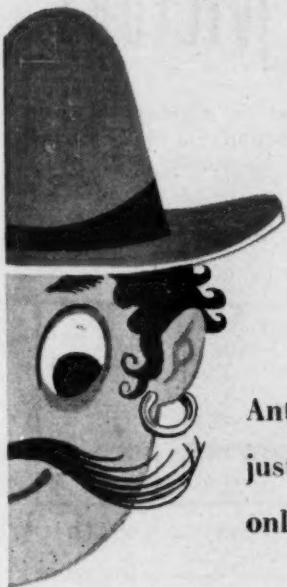


"Waiter, we still don't seem to have an ash-tray."



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just like my aunt—
only better



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HEINZ 57



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a bear with a sore head
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we'd eaten all the

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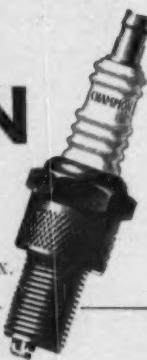
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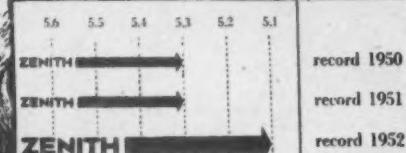


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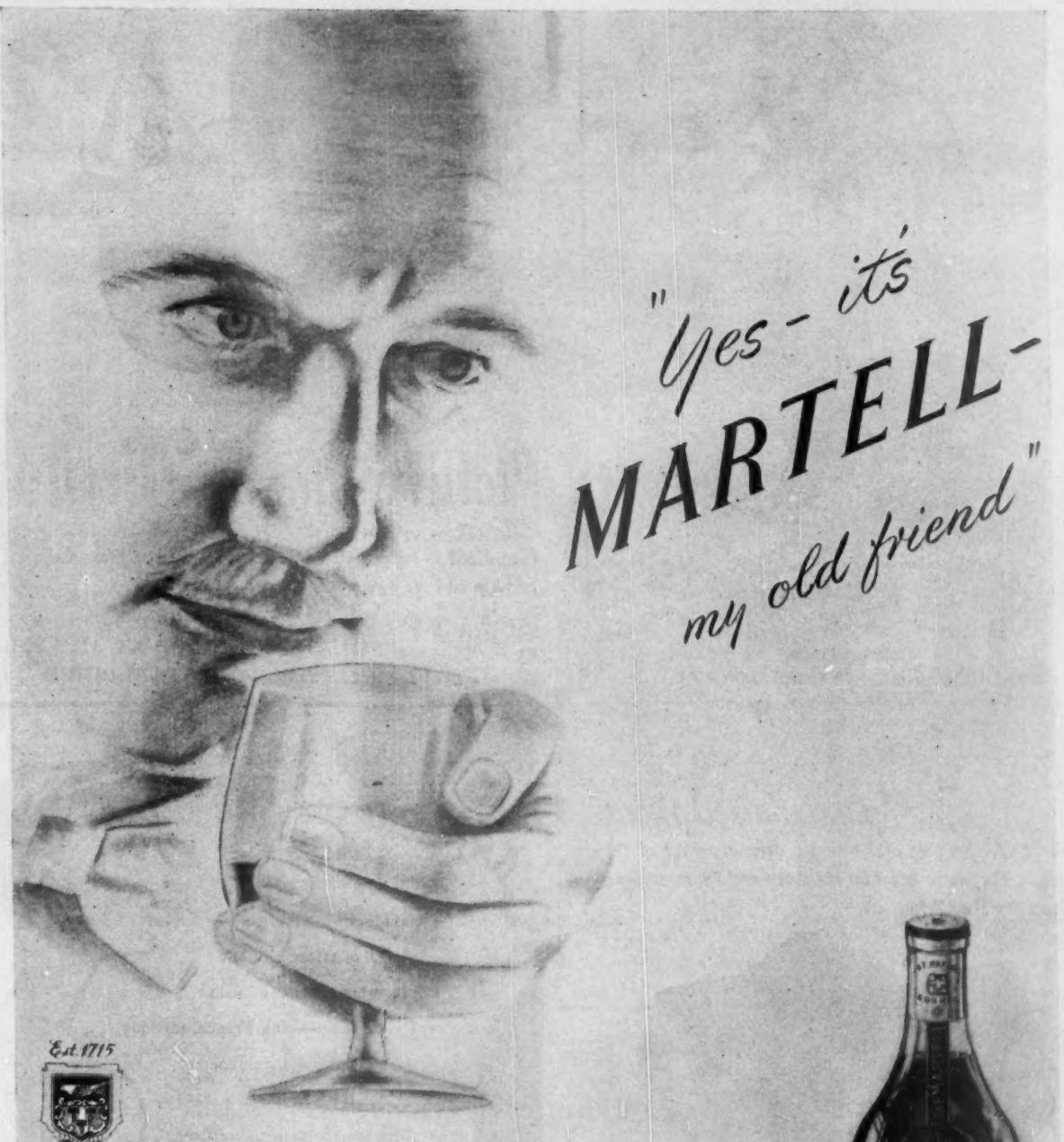
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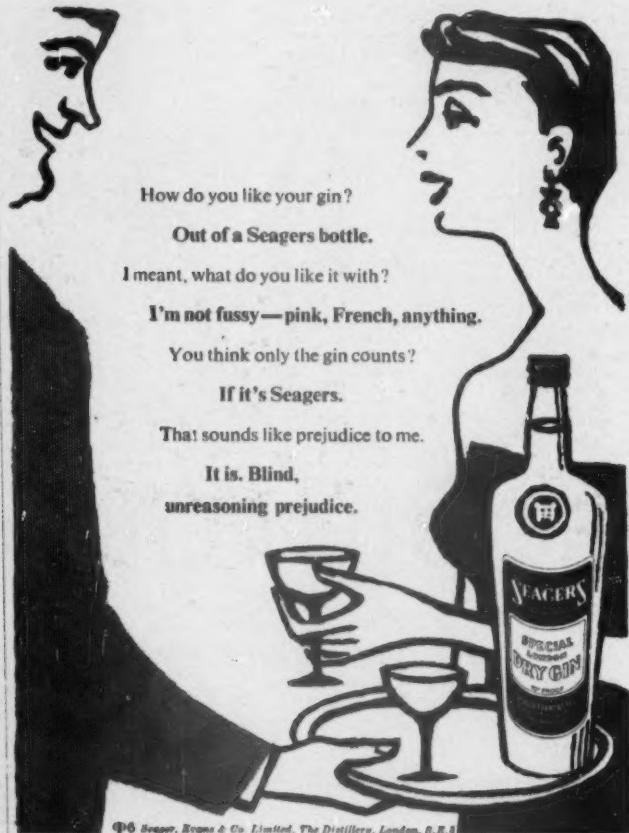
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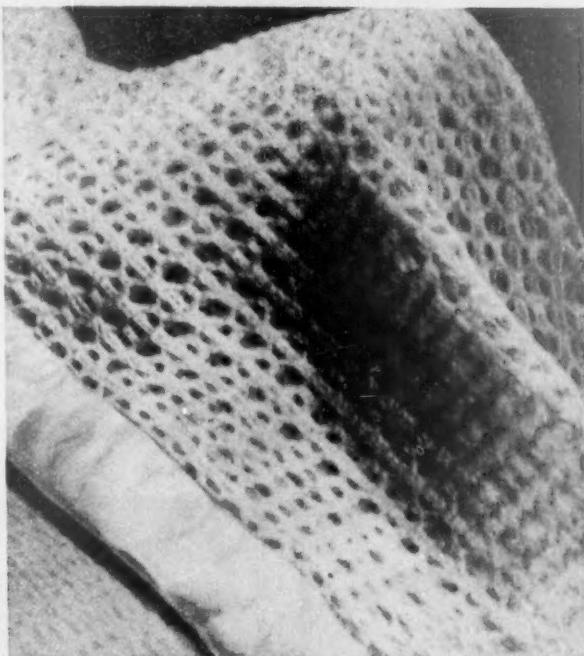
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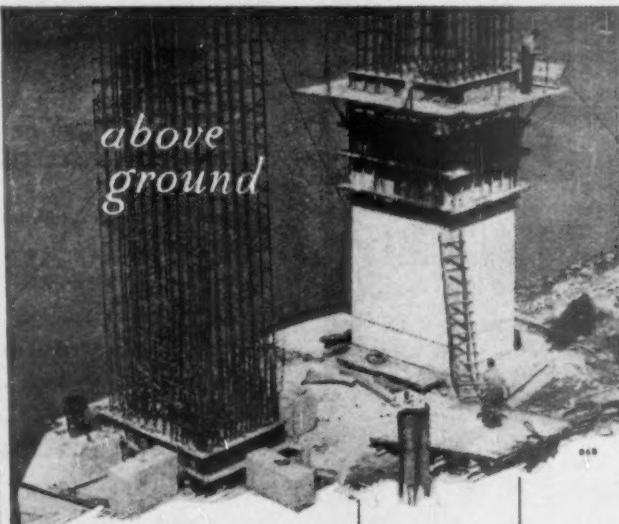
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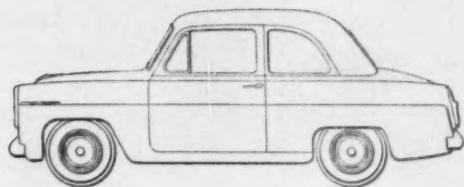


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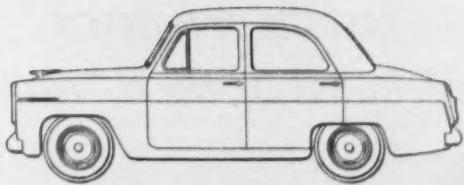
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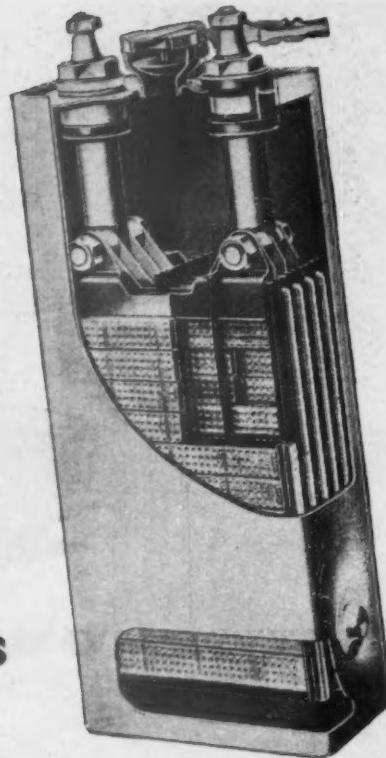
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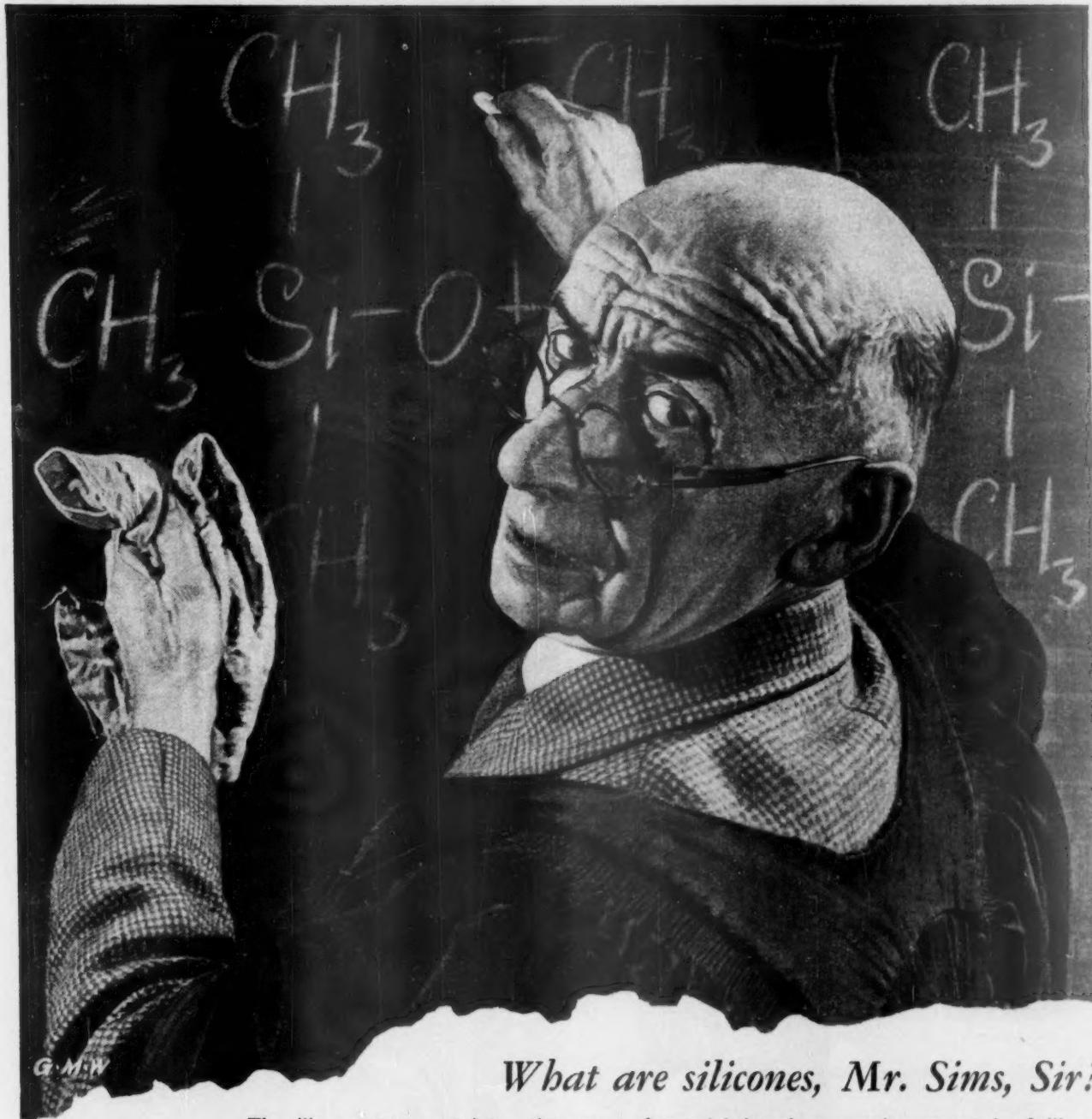
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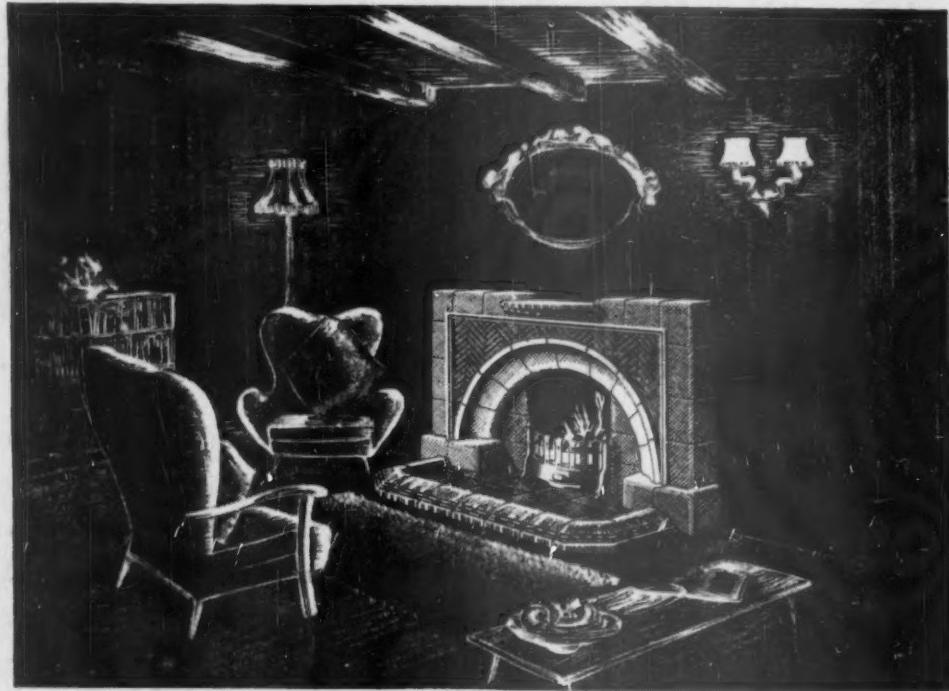
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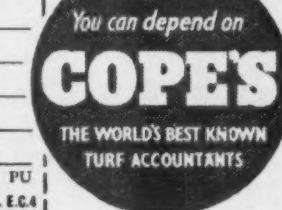
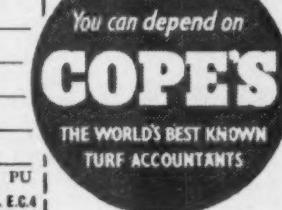
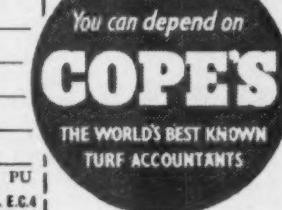
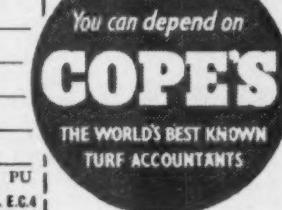
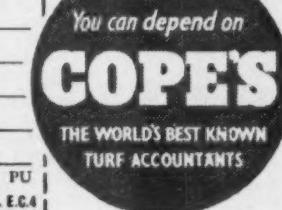
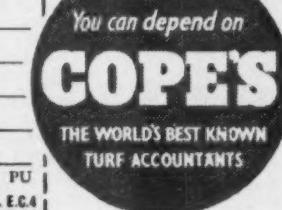
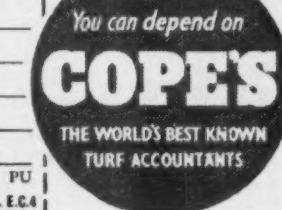
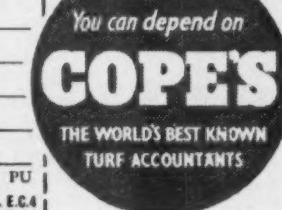
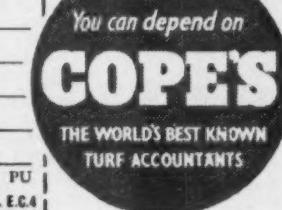
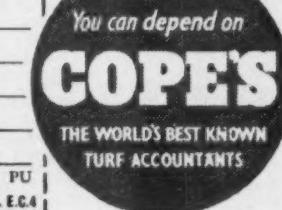
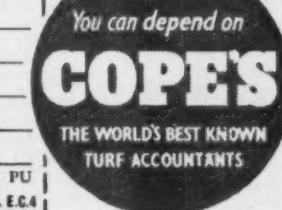
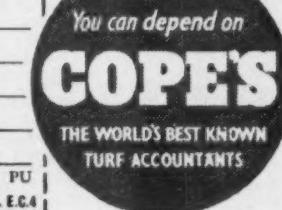
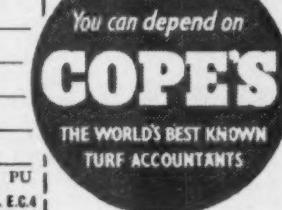
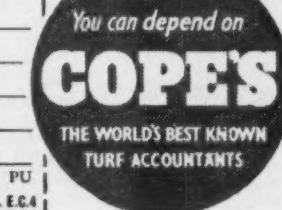
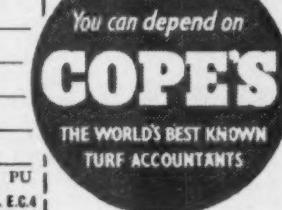
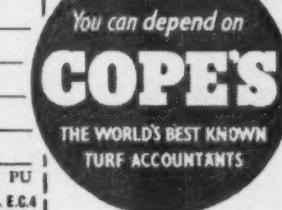
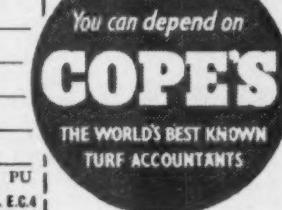
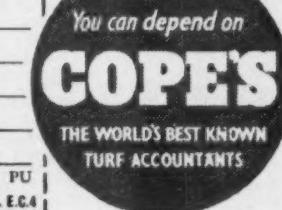
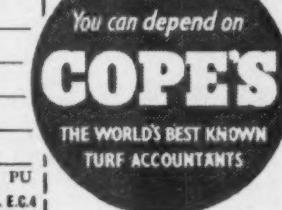
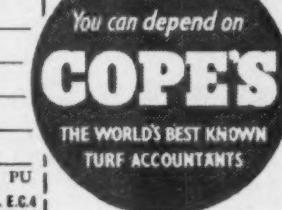
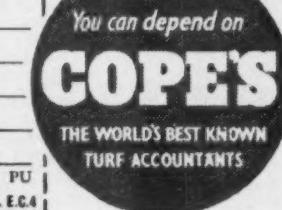
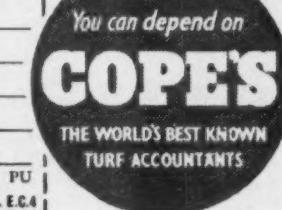
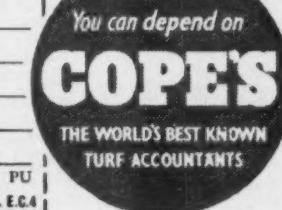
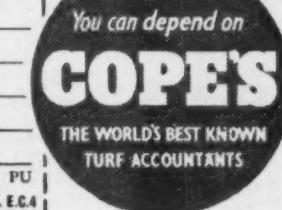
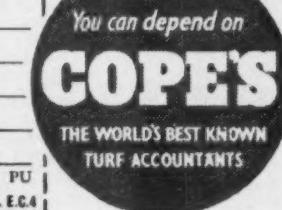
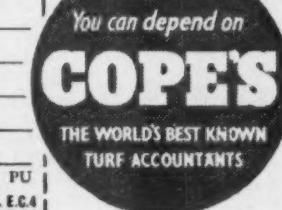
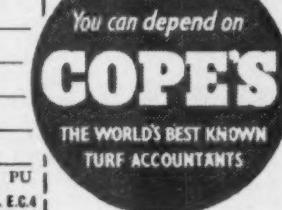
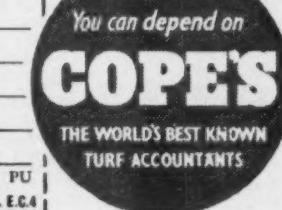
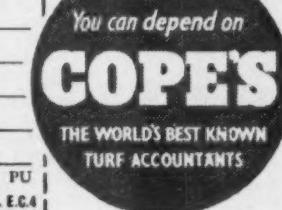
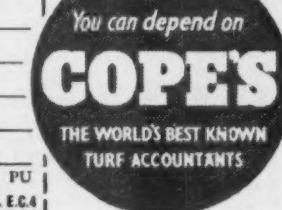
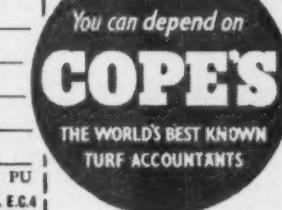
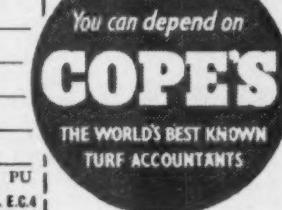
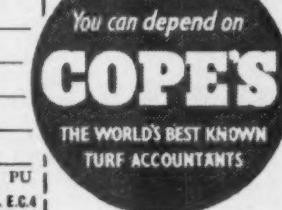
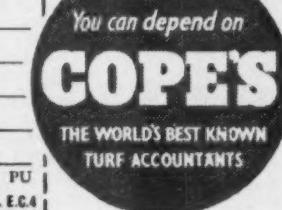
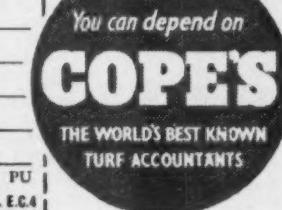
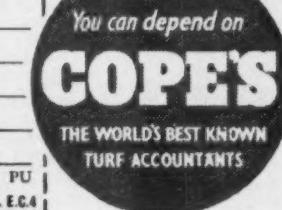
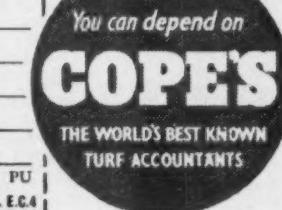
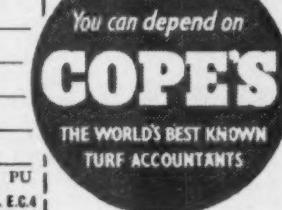
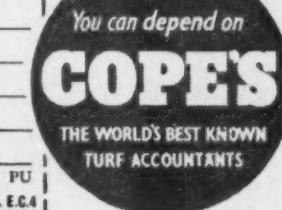
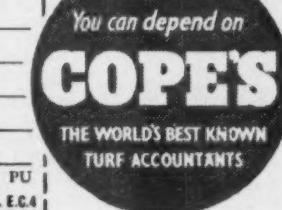
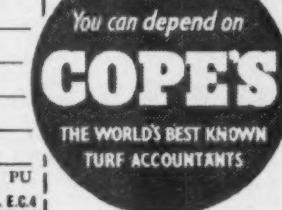
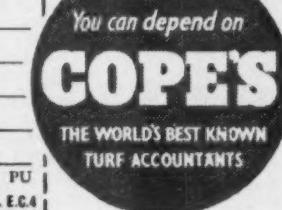
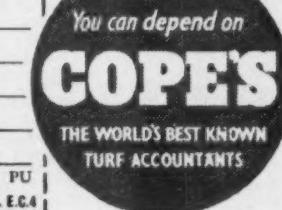
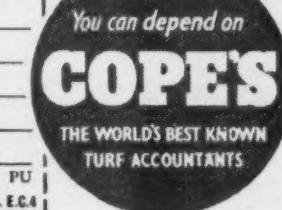
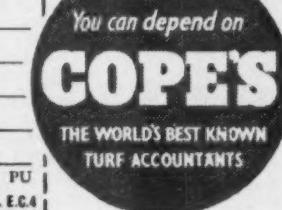
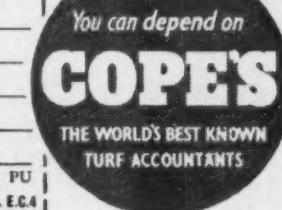
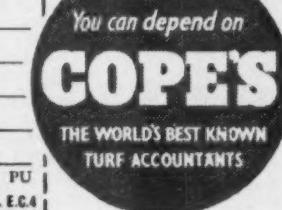
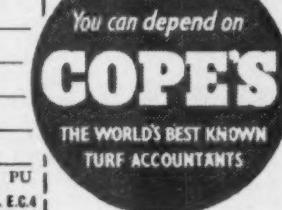
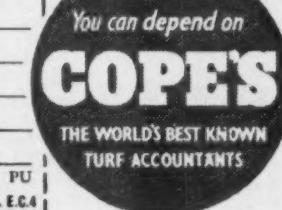
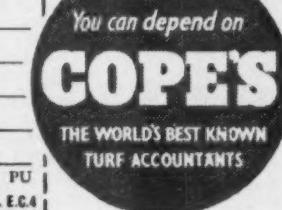
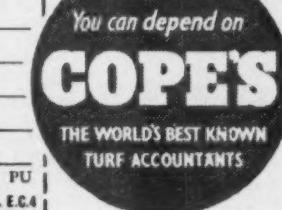
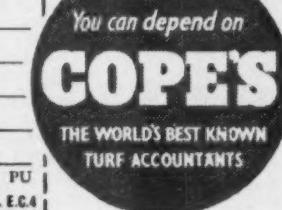
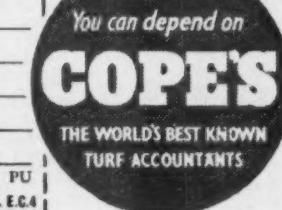
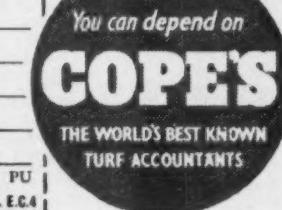
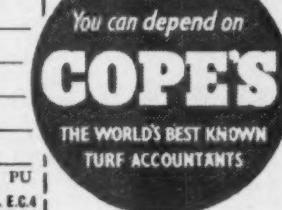
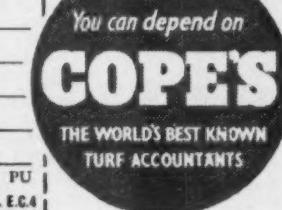
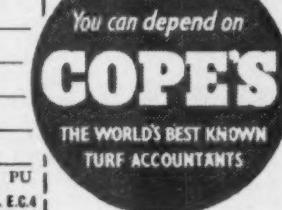
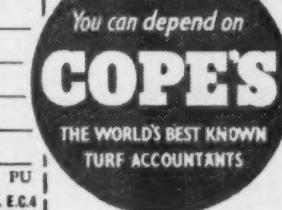
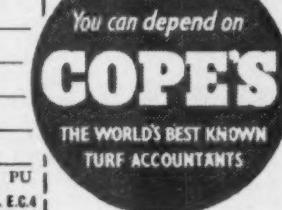
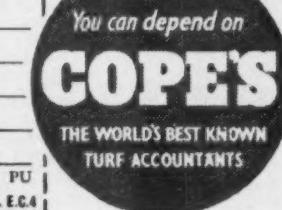
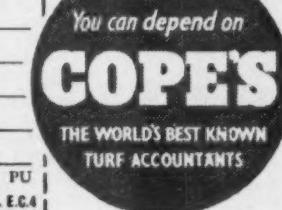
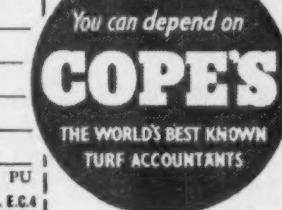
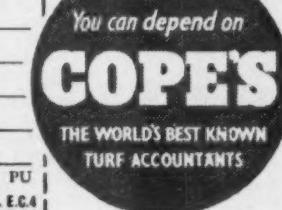
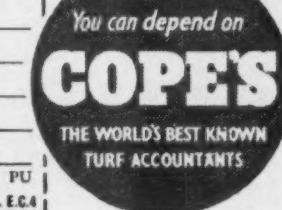
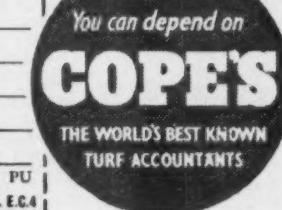
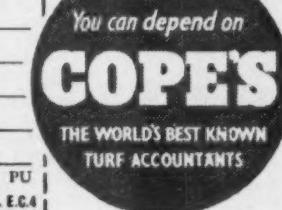
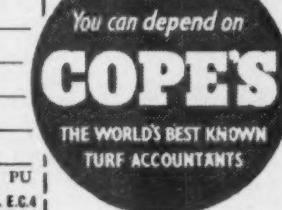
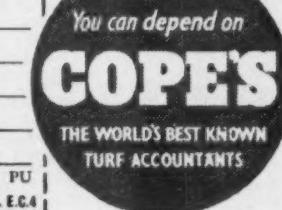
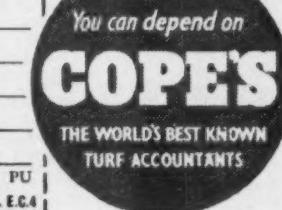
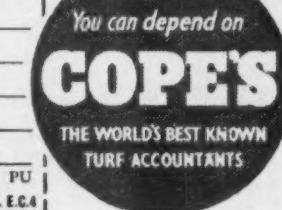
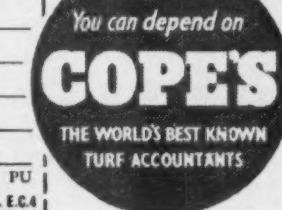
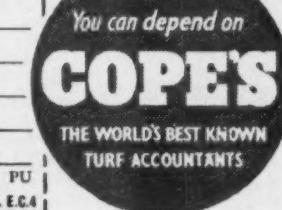
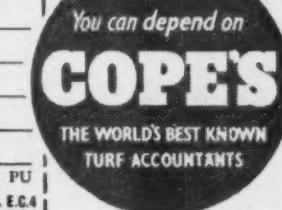
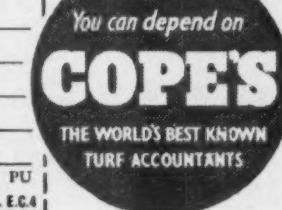
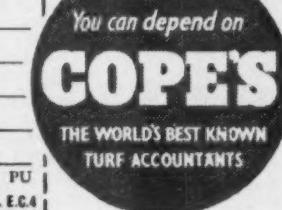
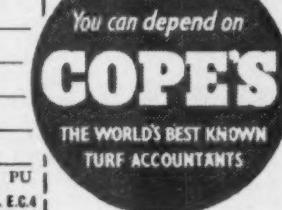
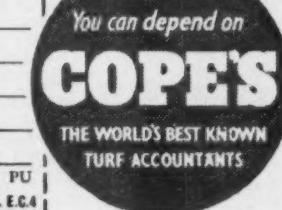
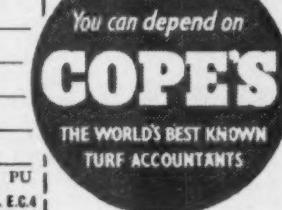
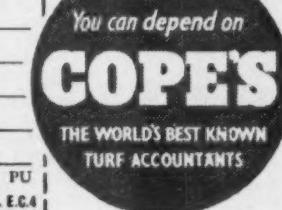
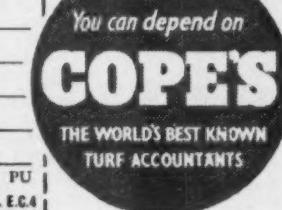
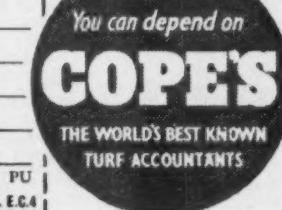
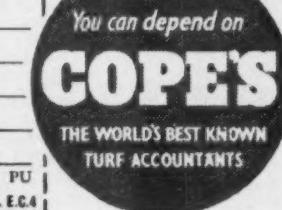
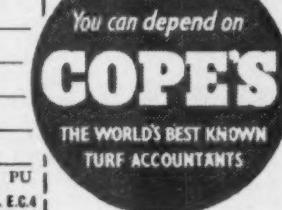
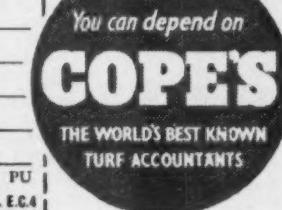
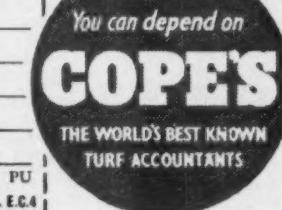
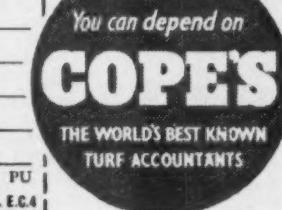
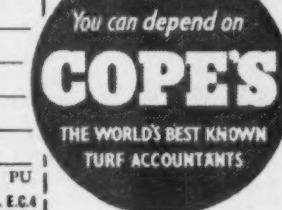
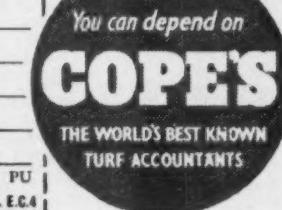
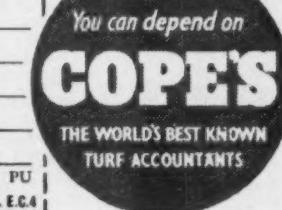
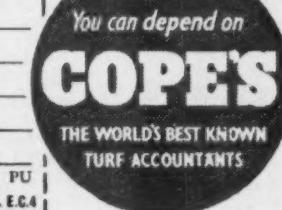
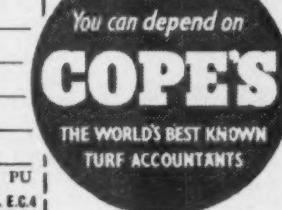
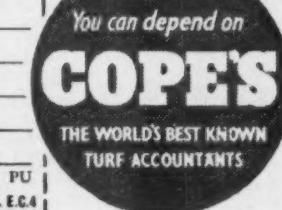
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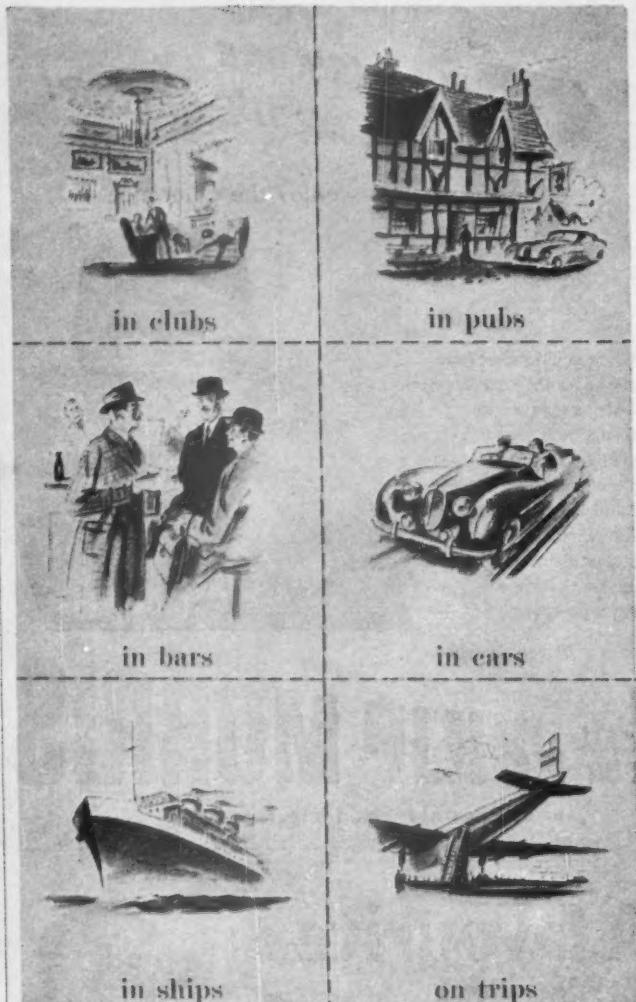
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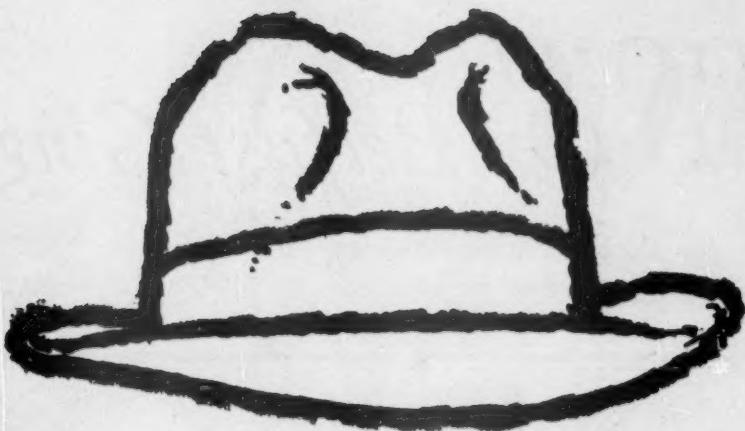
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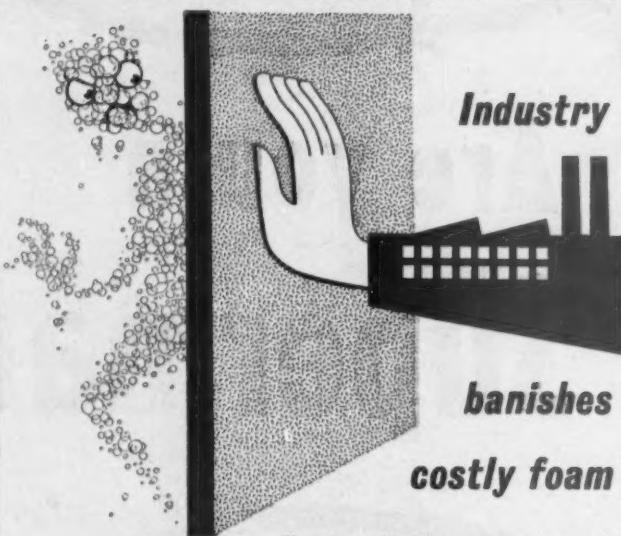
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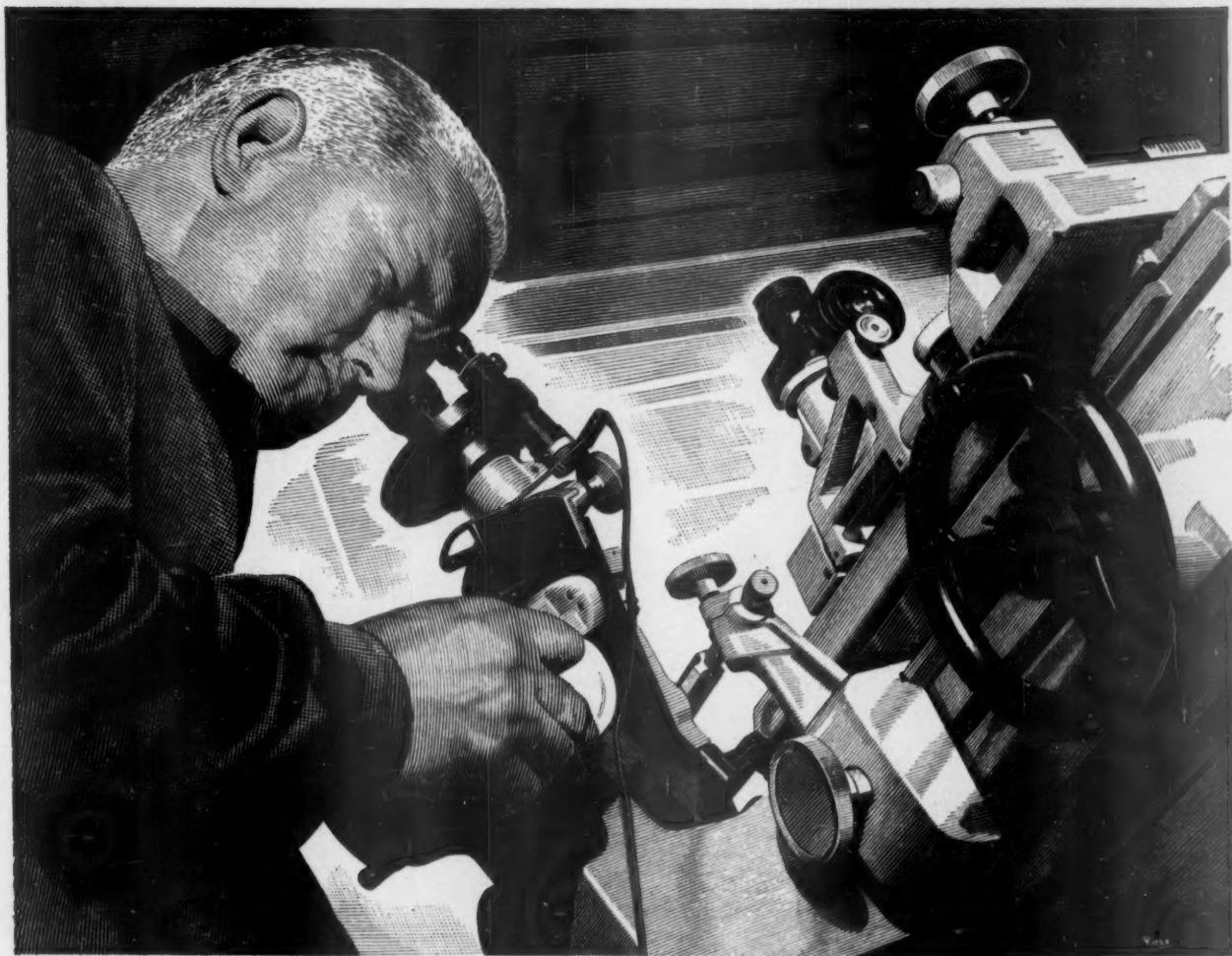
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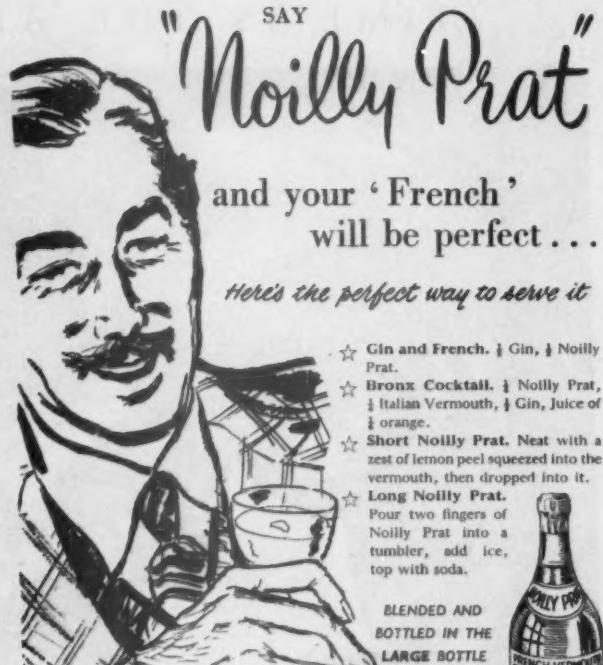
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